THE

Reform'd Wife.

Collated & Perfect. J.S.K. 1801.

A

COMEDY:

As it is Acted,

At the *THEATRE-ROYAL*,

in *Drury-Lane*.

The Second Edition, with the Addition of a New SCENE.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon*, in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, 1700.

TO THE

Right Honourable

JOHN

LORD *LORN.*

I Impute it to my good Fortune, My Lord, that the firſt appearance of this Play was on a *Wedneſday* in *Lent*; for then (it ſeems) the Town look for a bad Entertainment, and if they met with any thing they did not expect; it was a diſappointment that, I preſume; they'll forgive.

I confeſs it has ſucceeded beyond my Expectation, ſince I underſtand that Your Lordſhip alſo has been pleaſed to ſpeak in it's Favour. But You did not apprehend what You drew upon Your Self when you was doing ſo, and little thought, from commending the Brat, to have it laid at Your Door.

But tho' your approbation in Publick makes me proud, yet the delicacy of your Judgment in private keeps me humble; your Underſtanding diſcovers all faults, but your good breeding will not let you take Notice of any, and you can diſcourage no body, but when they attempt to imitate you.

If I had oftener had the honour to have been near your Lordſhip; the Converſation of the Comedy wou'd have diſcover'd it; and tho' it be my misfortune to be

almoſt a ſtranger to your Perſon. Yet I may ſafely affirm, that I am throughly acquainted with your Character, and to ſpeak but truth of you, wou'd look too like a Dedication.

I might inlarge upon the Antiquity of your Race, were I ſo vain, as to hope to add any thing to the honour of what's recorded in our Annals; I might dwell upon thoſe Qualifications, that render you ſo amiable to all that know you, the Unaffected ſincerity of your Nature, your Zeal for the welfare of your Country; your exemplary Bravery, and juſt Sence of true Honour; but to do this, my Lord, wou'd be to entertain you with the daily Diſcourſe of your Friends; as for Enemies, you have none but thoſe you found in *Flanders*, where you were giving Commands to a Regiment, at an Age that others are receiving Precepts from a Tutor.

I dare ſay no more, tho' at the ſame time I diſoblige one, I gratifie a thouſand; for you are the only Perſon that can't bear to hear the Lord *Lorn* well ſpoke of: But ſince I would not purchaſe their approbation at the rate of your diſpleaſure, I muſt relieve your Lordſhip from the pain of hearing what's your due, and only tell you that I am,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Devoted

Humble Servant.

THE

THE PREFACE.

I don't know whether I have more reason to be pleas'd or griev'd at the Fate of this Play; for the World is very jealous of applause, and he is sure to make a great many Enemies, that is so unfortunate to succeed.

Some have already done me the Honour to say, that it was not all Mine; tho' I am surpriz'd at the imputation, that what I once believed too great a Dowdy to belong to ev'n my self; should deserve to be thought another's! But the uneasy Criticks, upon a nearer view of its Features, have mortify'd me, and more judiciously concluded, that no Body wou'd own it but my self.

All that I shall say to these last is, that I did not design a just Play, and that I am as well pleas'd as they are, that I had no regard to the Unities of Action, &c. but if I diverted my Friends, without offending the Ladies, I have my wish.

These angry Gentlemen, I presume, will thank me for one thing, in the Third Act, and that is, I have put a Pun in the Mouth of the fine Lady; a Gentleman very remarkable for his good Nature and good Sence; told me of it before it was Acted, but he agreed with me, to allow the Folly, for the sake of the Diversion; it succeeded as we gueſt, and was always Clap'd.

The Preface.

I confeſs I have had ſome grave Thoughts on the Occaſion of ſuch Labours, and methinks 'tis very ſtrange, that the chief thing, that flatters the vanity of moſt Writers, is, what they can't know, for Fame is a good that never arrives to us till we are paſt injoying it, and we are only immortal when we are no more; as for my ſelf, I preſume, it will appear by what I have done, that I as little value, as deſerve, that Honour, notwithſtanding I don't doubt, but I ſhall be yet believ'd to have my ſhare of the vanity; and that 'twill always be one reaſon of writing, to be thought a little wiſer than we are

------Vivimus ambitioſa,
Paupertate omnes------

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

SInce Novelties your Palates ſtill purſue,
You have to Night, both Play and Poet new:
From whence alone his hopes of pleaſing grew.
For ſo much this prevailing Paſſion thrives,
Each for his future Appetite contrives,
New Friends, new Favourites, and of late---new Wives.
You Criticks only keep your Old diſeaſe,
When Authors pleaſe you leaſt, you're moſt at eaſe.
Our Poet's therefore glad of a pretence,
To be inſipid, in his own defence,
And if you hiſs, 'tis ſtill at your Expence.
Often for change the meaneſt things are good,
Thus tho' the Town all delicates afford,
A Kit-cat is a Supper for a Lord.
But if your Nicer taſt reſolves to Day,
To have no reliſh for our Author's Play.
Place ſome diverting Scene before your Mind,
And think of that, to which you will be kind.
So thus when heavily the moments paſs,
Toaſter's to Circulate the lazy Glaſs
By nameing ſome bright Nymph their draughts refine,
And taſt at once the joys of Love and Wine.

Per-

Perſonæ Dramatis.

MEN.

SIR *Solomon Empty.*	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Freeman.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Careleſs.	Mr. *Toms.*
Cleremont.	Mr. *Mills.*
Ned, Servant to *Cleremont.*	
Doctor.	Mr. *Haines.*
Aſtrologer.	Mr. *Fairbanck.*

Apothecary, a *Hawker*, and *Three-Footmen.*

WOMEN.

Aſtrea.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Clarinda.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Sylvia.	Mrs. *Temple.*
Lady Dainty.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Mrs. *Friendlove.*	Mrs. *Powell.*
Fidelia, Maid to *Aſtrea.*	Mrs. *Moor.*
Cloe, *Lady Dainty*'s Woman.	Mrs. *Stephens.*
Pert, Exchange-Woman.	Mrs. *Baker.*

THE

PAge 5 line 29 for the two grand Lotteries, read the grand Lotteries.

THE Reform'd Wife, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Aſtrea *and* Clarinda.

Cla. YOU manage this Husband of yours very dextrouſly.

Aſt. While you live obſerve this; that the only way to rule a conceited Fool, is to ſeem to be rul'd by him.

Cla. I am convinc'd, but ſtill admire by what ſtrange Art you keep him at this diſtance, for I have hear'd that your Old Men, like thoſe that have ſtinking Breaths, will always be drawing cloſer than other Folks!

Aſt. Why, by a pretended diſtaſt of all Men, I have ſecur'd my ſelf againſt one that I hate in earneſt, ſo that now ——

Cla. He avoids you to gain your Eſteem!

Aſt. And 'tis his only way to gain it, for truſt me *Clarinda*, there is nothing ſo diſtaſtful as a Husband's fondneſs, and you had better be hated of the Man you Love, than Lov'd of the Man you hate.

Cla. Then we muſt hate if we Marry!

Aſt. You'll find it difficult to Love, for Marriage ſets the Object too near us, and Love is a fine Flower, that loſes its Scent if we keep it always at our Noſe.

Cla. Where is the fault then?

Aſt. Perhaps 'tis in our ſelves—our Pleaſures languiſh when they become familiar to us, and 'tis in Love as in Ambition, our thirſt is ſtill for ſomething that we have not.

Cla. I fanſie the Dominion they pretend over us, may be one reaſon, and methinks the ſlavery's miſplac'd, for the Government of Love ſhou'd be in the Women; They always make the Lover happy in his Chains; but——

Aſt. Husbands, alas! Are like other Tyrants, the greateſt good we expect from 'em, is to do no harm.

Cla. You indeed have reaſon to think ſo, for to a Woman of any Spleen, Sir *Soloman* muſt needs be of a very unlucky temper, and ſeems to have ſomething peculiar in him to Create averſion, for he is always talking, and always giving his impertinent Advice.

Aſt. And you can't oblige him more than to ask it.

Cla. He has all the ridiculous extremes of the Gay and the Grave, but I like nothing in him ſo much as his pretending to underſtand the World—— he is ſo wiſe an Owl!

Aſt. Nay ſince he has been, as he calls it, of the party, he has taken new Airs upon him; all my Family, forſooth, are order'd by rules of State, and he is grown ſo important to himſelf, that he's affraid the Cook or the Butler ſhould Poyſon him———but here he comes.

Sir *Sol.* No, no, no, Friend, I underſtand the World, I underſtand the World— [*Enter Sir* Solomon Empty, *followed by a Hawker with Pamphlets.*

Cla. What's the matter? Sir *Solomon.*

Sir *Sol.* Nothing Couſin, nothing, only this Fellow (ſuborn'd as I gueſs by the Miniſtry) had a mind to corrupt my Judgment, with an Argument for a ſtanding Army.

Haw. Sir *Solomon*, if you don't like that, I have Books of the other Party.

Sir *Sol.* Haſt thou ſo Friend let's ſee 'em——— [*Aſide.*] I believe this Fellow's ſome broken Counſellour for he's of both ſides———

Haw. Here Sir!

Sir *Sol.* [*Reads.*] A Propoſal to take the Lace off the Soldiers Cloaths, and put it on our Wives Petty-Coats———Hah! hah! This is a fooliſh Project for they'll give it 'em again.

Cla. There may be ſome danger Sir *Solomon.*

Sir *Sol.* No, No——— I don't like that, any thing belonging to Soldiers ſhou'd come ſo near 'em——what's this [*Reads.*] A uſeful Diſcourſe concerning the management of Husbands———here, here, put this up Friend, Women know too much already———well, leave the firſt———and if I like it———[*Aſide.*] I'll read it, and give it you again—— [*Exit* Hawker. But now for my own Family———come, My Dear, the Coach is ready.

Cla. I have been perſwading her, ever ſince you went, but ſhe is ſo unwilling! ———pray, Madam, gratify Sir *Solomon*, and go to the Play.

Sir *Sol.* Ay do, My Dear, gratify me as my Couſin ſays, and go to the Play, you muſt not deny your ſelf all the Pleaſures of the World, for your Love of me, come it will divert you.

Aſt. Divert me! Is it poſſible, Sir *Solomon*, you ſhou'd have ſo little Religion, as to fancy the Entertainment of that place cou'd give a Civil Woman any Pleaſure? Not that I think, all are otherwiſe that go there, but the diſhoneſt Liberties of the Stage are ſuch, that we ſeldom hear any thing, that diverts without ſomething that offends.

Sir *Sol.* [*Aſide.*] Poor Fool! But 'tis a wicked place!

Cla. But the Moral, Madam, often leaves us a quite different impreſſion.

Aſt. Nay there you are loſt *Clarinda*; for tell me a Play in which there is not for a Moral, if you Marry you're a Cuckold, and Woman's Virtue is a *Chimæra.*

Sir *Sol.* [*Aſide.*] Well I am certainly the only Husband in this Town, that is not one———How happy am I in a Wife———

Cla. The Licence is indeed too great, yet the fault is equal in the Town, and the Poet who only ſhows us the World a little too near, for, turn but your Eyes off the Stage, and you ſhall ſee that your agreeable Woman is a Coquet, and your agreeable Man an Athieſt, and the firſt ſtep to be very witty, is (it ſeems) to be very wicked.

Sir *Sol.* Bleſs us all! But the World Couſin is very bad, very bad [*Aſide.*]

('tis good to encourage Women in their Innocence) —but you need not apprehend now *Aſtrea*, for this is a New Play, and the Author adviſed with me in the thing———I proteſt he's a Pretty ſmart Man.

Aſt. I don't underſtand thoſe things, but am ſorry you Converſe with ſuch People, for the next Scandal to the being a Poet, is to keep 'em Company.

Sir *Sol.* Alas, My Dear, you don't take it——we that wou'd underſtand the World; muſt make it our buſineſs to read Men —— I mingle with ſuch People indeed, and can hear 'em Crack a jeſt or ſo, and now and then put in a joke my ſelf, but Sir *Solomon Empty*, is not to be fathom'd by ev'ry Body, I defy 'em to get any thing out of me!

Cla. [*Aſide.*] I'll Anſwer for it.

Aſt. I did not apprehend it, but the World, that ſeldom makes a true Judgment, content themſelves with the appearances of things, and your Character is drawn from the Airs that you make in make in Publick.

Sir *Sol.* Looky' Wife, I wou'd be miſtaken in ſome things, a good States Man, like a good Wreſtler, conceals his ſtrength for an opportunity, and my Capacity is a Secret—but you are Women and don't underſtand things.

Enter Foot-Man.

Foot. Sir, The Coach is at the Door.

Sir *Sol.* Very well———I don't like that Fellow's Face, he looks as if he was a Spy upon my Actions———ſo now you are kind!

Aſt. I ſhall always prefer Obedience to inclination.

Sir *Sol.* I'll lead you to your Coach.

Aſt. Why won't you go with us?

Sir *Sol.* No, no, my dear, they ſtay for me at the Fountain, and I wou'd not miſs a Night to be made a Privy-Councellor.

Aſt. You always find reaſons to leave me. [*Exit Sr.*Solomon *and* Aſtrea.

Clarinda *Sola.*

Well thou art a Machiavil, *Aſtrea*, I am aſtoniſh'd, ſhe longs to go, and by a Counterfeit unwillingneſs makes him againſt his own inclination preſs her to go, and how happy he thinks himſelf in having perſwaded her to do what he wou'd not have her do. [*Exit.*

The SCENE changes to the Street.

Re-enter Sir Solomon.

There is no bleſſing like a Virtuous Wife! No Comfort beyond it! To ſee her fears and her Caution, to tell me I ſhould pleaſe her more if I wou'd lead her to the Church——Poor fool! She thinks of nothing but me and her Prayer-Book, then ſhe is ſo tender of her Fame, that ſhe is never guilty of an indecency ſo great as to Kiſs me in Company; and this Conduct has prevailed with her ſo much, that ſhe has a ſort of unwillingneſs, and fear to do it, even when we are alone, and ſo Chaſt!———Well I am the happieſt Man! Ha! who have we here my Noble Captain.

Enter Freeman.

Freem. Sir *Solomon Empty* !

Sir *Sol.* Welcome from *Flanders* Tom, welcome from *Flanders*——— What ne'er a Wooden Leg yet ! Why thou art the unluckieſt Fellow in the World ! Not an Ear, or an Eye, or a peice of thy Noſe off, but return'ſt to thy Friends like an ordinary Man !

Free. (Sighs.)

Sir *Sol.* Come don't be Melancholly but tell us, what weeping Orphans, and ſmiling Widows thou haſt made, what Towns demoliſh'd this Campain !

Free. Faith, Sir *Solomon*, I have demoliſh'd nothing but my Commiſſion, and made no Orphans but my ſelf, I am broke that's all.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, and enough too———but how ſo *Tom* ! Do you know——

Free. Prithee lay this aſide, all I know is, that I am come from ſtarving, in a Crowd to ſtarve in a Corner.

Sir *Sol.* Starve ! A young Fellow, and talk of ſtarving !

Free. I know thou underſtand'ſt Men, make me a little acquainted with my ſelf, and tell me what I am fit for———I have been thinking a great while, and can find no Virtue to lay to my charge.

Sir *Sol.* O ! You are modeſt *Tom*, you are modeſt——but let me ſee—— fit for ! Thou haſt a good Voice, I have heard, upon a Muſter, and wert of the Temple before the War——what doſt thou think of the Law.

Free. Very well, but I know nothing of it, but what I have got from being Arreſted.

Sir *Sol.* Enough, enough *Tom*, I knew ſeveral Eminent Pleaders that got Eſtates with as little——'tis but talking on and loud.

Free. But we Soldiers, Sir *Solomon*, are ſo us'd to diſpatch a buſineſs at a blow, that I ſhould ſtarve before I cou'd arrive at their ſecret of perplexing a matter, and ſpining out a cauſe, beſide, I want all the requiſites, the double Dealing, the Impudence ! The Lungs ! The Conſcience !———

Sir *Sol.* Conſcience ! Nay, *Tom*, if thou haſt that in thy Head !——— thou wert born to be a Beggar———but is there no way——hark ye, *Tom*, thou art a very Clean Shap'd-Fellow, what if you went into the Playhouſe, and turn'd Actor ! Ha ! ha ! I thought I ſhou'd make thy Fortune at laſt ! Why thou may'ſt come to be a King in time, and keep Company with Princes ! I'll warrant, they ſhall make thee an Alderman the firſt daſh.

Free. I'd rather be his Horſe.

Sir *Sol.* They'll try your Talent, *Tom*, not but thou may'ſt get as much honour from acting a Cobler, as acting a Lord, as an old Moraliſt ſaid of the World, and I had rather ſee a Scaramouch than an Emperor ! for there's that Dog ! that ſly Rogue, that arch Son of a Whore, that *Pinkethman*, there's always more in that Fellows Face than his words, and to ſee that Raſcal Act does me more good than railing againſt the Court party— well, *Tom*, how do ye like a Player.

Free. As ill as I do a Lawyer, and I am quite as unfit for it, I cou'd no more liſten to the dull Chat of every Fop behind the Scenes, than I cou'd bear his ſtinking Breath———then I ſhou'd ſcarce be imploy'd enough to live by it, for I cou'd not act in a dull Play, becauſe I hate to ſpeak any Bodies non-

ſence but my own, and to be Hiſt off the Stage, or puniſh'd for an others Crime———

Sir *Sol.* Is the Devil——but that would never happen, if theſe ſilly Fellows, the Poets, would be rul'd; they are ſtill aiming at Wit—If I was to write a Play——

Fre. You wou'd not ſplit upon that Rock.

Sir *Sol.* No, no, *Tom*, I'd have ſomething to divert every Body. I'd have your Atheiſm to pleaſe the Wits——ſome affectation to entertain the Beaux, a Rape or two to engage the Ladies; and I'd bring in the Bears, before every Act, to ſecure an intereſt in the Upper Gallery.

Fre. You have forgot one Range, what wou'd you do for the Cits in the Middle?

Sir *Sol.* Why I'd raiſe 'em a Ghoſt to tell their Children of when they come home —— but now you ſpeak of Cits, *Tom*, I have an imployment that will fit thee. The Ladies, *Tom*, the Ladies, there's the Treaſure at laſt——

Fre. Ay, ſuch a Treaſure as I ſhall ſpend my own before I ſhall find.

Sir *Sol.* Why what charges can there be when you Factor for your ſelf?

Fre. O the greater——He that won't imploy a Procureſs out of good Huſbandry, is like him that ſhoots his Wild-fowl to ſave money, when he reckons the Powder, the Shot, and other Expences; he'll find that he might a had 'em cheaper of a Poulterer.

Sir *Sol.* I ſee, *Tom*, thou run'ſt into the common error of ingenious Men, who think the World is govern'd by reaſon—— you may perhaps come to live happy in it with your reaſon; but the way to be a great Man, is to be enterprizing.

Fre. Indeed I am apt to think he'll never do Miracles that does nothing but what he ſhould do.

Sir *Sol.* In that thought I leave you, (*going*) But one hint more ——The two grand Lotteries, *Tom*, in this Town, for broken Officers and Lovers, are the Prayers and the Play, ---- go try your Fortune my *Hercules!* —— I warrant you're happy ——the Prayers and the Play. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit Sir* Sol.

Fre. If I was ſure of meeting any of thy Relations there, it might tempt me to go—— Now this old Raſcal thinks a Soldier fit for any thing that's mean, and values himſelf upon his Riches that we have ſecur'd to him with our Blood——What Gallant Spirit would move a Finger for ſuch Slaves!—— To bear all hardſhips, and ſtand intrepid midſt a thouſand horrours, where Glory puſhes us beyond our ſelves to be deſpiſed when we return, and among the very People he has ſav'd, with all his wounds, the tatter'd *Hero* ſtarves—— but Ingratitude's a humane Virtue, no Beaſt ever pretended to it, and it is ſo perfectly in our Nature, that we may obſerve no People hate ſo heartily as thoſe that have been highly obliged —— as for us, it ſeems there is no Rogue like a Soldier; we are a ſort of Vagabonds, that are fit indeed, upon occaſion, to ſtand between ſober folks and danger, and are us'd juſt like a Militia Officer's Sword, when training day's over 'tis thrown aſide—O ſuch Worthies! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Solomon.

Ha, ha, ha, Woe be to ſome poor Dog of a Husband — who knows now whoſe fate may depend upon this advice of mine—ſome Lord or Alderman,

or

or perhaps ſome induſtrious Merchant, that may be ſweating at the *Indies*, while his Wife——ha, ha, ha,——well, I am a miſchievous Dog, but let 'em take what follows. *Enter* Cleremont.

[Ha, my Friend *Cleremont*, the Spirit of Mirth and Wickedneſs!

Cle. (*Singing*) Drink and drive care away.

Sir *Sol.* Now this Fellow's Merry will I ſift him——'twas *Machiavil*'s way *(aſide)* —— I read Joy in thy Face, has thy puny Miſtreſs been kind, haſt thou Cur'd her of all Diſtempers, and made her ſay, Yes.

Cle. Ah don't ſpeak of her, Sir *Solomon*, don't Name her, 'tis touching upon ones madneſs in an interval of Sence, and enough to make me rave in Flames, and darts and Charms, and ſo forth——I have been drinking all day to forget her, and now you muſt lay her in my way.

Sir *Sol.* And is this all the uſe you make of a Lady, that lies in your way? If I was in thy place!

Cle. Ay, thou wou'd'ſt lay about thee— Thou art a Dangerous Fellow— I find I muſt take care when I am Married.

Sir *Sol.* O I never wrong my Friend, never wrong my Friend!

Cle. 'Tis good to be ſure, Sir *Solomon*, I'll take her out of thy Neighbourhood——ſuch a vigorous Rogue! Why they ſay, thou art worſe than St. *George*'s Dragon, a Virgin a day won't ſatisfy thee, beſides Wives and Traders.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! Ha! People will ſay any thing—— though faith one can do nothing in this Town, but its preſently Whiſper'd about.

Cle. [*Aſide.*] here's a Rogue! I find to be unable's aſhame at 60.

Sir *Sol.* But theſe things muſt not be talk'd of, Love and Cheating ſhou'd be always private——But prethee tell me ſomething of thy Courtſhip, does thy Sickly Lady liſten to thee yet?

Cle. No, nor ever will, without I cou'd appear to her in the ſhape of a Conſumption, or Appoplexy—— ſhe's in Love with nothing but Ghoſts—— Fleſh and Blood are not gentile enough for her.

Sir *Sol.* You wou'd never be adviſed———you ſhou'd Court her, in her own way, when ſhe is Grip'd, you ſhou'd have the Chollick, when ſhe begins to faint, you ſhou'd fall in a Swoon——Cough, Sigh and Complain, juſt as you ſee her, what doeſt ever think to gain a Woman by oppoſing her?

Cle. Ay, ay, the beſt way to gain her at her own Weapon, Contradiction.

Sir *Sol.* Look ye Friend, be rul'd by me—(there is a Policy in Life, and ev'ry Man is a State to himſelf) now wou'd I have you be acquainted with her Doctor——Fee him as often as ſhe does.

Cle. I'd as ſoon take Phyſick of him as often as ſhe does, why he's with her Morning, Noon and Night, and has more Guinea's in a Day than Meals— No, no, Sir *Solomon*, I have taken a Cheaper way, a Poets ſooner Fee'd than a Phyſician, I'll beſiege her ſo with Songs and Sonnets, that ſhe ſhall ſurrender for her own quiet.

Sir *Sol.* And have you lay'd in a Magazin of theſe Stores?

Cle. I am providing my ſelf with a Song to day, I ſent my Man at Noon to hire a Poet, and he ſtay's as long as if he had imploy'd the City Laureat— but ſee the Raſcal's come—well what heavy Rhymer did you meet with that

kept you thus long ?

Enter Ned *out of Breath.*

Ned. Sir, 'twas a long time before I cou'd find one.

Cle. A long time ! Why you might a beat all the Garrets, from *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe to *Aldgate* in half the time.

Ned. Then I was with Three, Sir, before I met One —— that wou'd be at leiſure. [Clerimont *Reading to himſelf.*

Sir *Sol.* What were they doing *Ned* ?

Ned. One, Sir *Solomon*, was writing a Lampoon for a Lady of Quality, in which he was to commend her and abuſe all her Aquaintance.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, ſhe ought to be prais'd if ſhe pay'd for it, but what were the reſt upon ?

Ned. One, Sir, was writing a Poem upon the Tyger that was baited, in which he pretends to prove, that he was of the Court-Party.

Sir *Sol.* Ha ! ——that's ſome Cabal Poet, that's let into the ſecret of the Government.

Ned. The laſt, Sir *Solomon*, was making a Prayer for a Religious old Gentlewoman, but that buſineſs not being in much haſt, I prevail'd with him to do mine.

Cle. I can hardly read this Fellows hand— [*Reads.*

A SONG upon a Sickly Lady.

(1.)

COrinna with a graceful Air
Her Symptoms does reveal
Such Charms adorn the Sickly fair.
We ſcarce can wiſh her well.

(2.)

How does the pale Complexion pleaſe !
Faint looks and Languid Eye !
New Beauties riſe with her diſeaſe,
And when ſhe's Sick we die.

Sir *Sol.* Very pretty, Faith———When ſhe's Sick we die.

Cle. 'Tis very little for the Money !

Ned. For five Shillings more, Sir, he wou'd a put in the Similitude of a Bee, that kills while he's a dying.

Cle. Pox take him, and his Bee——an unreaſonable Son of a Whore, a Crown for a Bee ! 'sbud I can buy a Hive for half the Money——this is ſome ſaucy Rogue that eat's every Day———well now, Sir *Solomon*, againſt theſe Arms what Woman can defend her ſelf ?

Sir *Sol.* They are unaccountable Creatures indeed, and very likely may be ſooner Fidled than reaſon'd out of their favours.

Cle. There is no beſt way to get a Woman. Some whine, ſome dance, ſome dreſs, and ſome prate ; but wiſer Women, at laſt, conſiders a Man's Make rather than his words or actions ; nay, or his Face.

Sir *Sol.* 'Tis your intereſt they ſhou'd.

Cle. Looky', Sir *Solomon*, the Woman that falls in Love with a Man for his Face, may find her ſelf as much diſappointed as the Man that believes a Woman for her Tears——they are falſe Signs.

Sir *Sol.* But they are perſuading ones.

Cle. Pſhaw! Pſhaw! they move only Children: but come along, and ſee your miſtake. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aſtrea *and* Freeman.

Aſt. I vow my heart's at my mouth!

Fre. There, let me ſeize my own. [*Kiſſes her.*

Aſt. You are ſure he did not ſee us?

Fre. Certain of it.

Aſt. Then I am happy. 'Twere very unlucky to be ſurpriz'd the firſt time we meet.

Fre. Fortune, Madam, has a greater care of Lovers.

Aſt. Now pray let me know how to call you; for in a little time we muſt begin to lay aſide the Titles of Sir and Madam.

Fre. And ſubſtitute thoſe of my Dear and my Life!——

Aſt. Ay! ay! for our Seaſons of Love, but what if we ſhould forget our ſelves, and fall to the dull indifference of Man and Wife?

Fre. Why then I muſt be call'd *Freeman*, and you——

Aſt. (*Aſide.*) I muſt not tell him right —— *Cælia.*

Fre. I fanſie you'r a Coward, my Dear! I obſerve the firſt thing you provide for is a retreat.

Aſt. I'm afraid, my Hero! you'll have the firſt occaſion to uſe it.

Fre. I don't know what a long War may produce, but——

Aſt. Have a care Servant, don't ſoil your Merit with handling it —— I dare not ſtay now, but to Morrow

Fre. At Six ——

Aſt. I'll meet you in the Field.

Fre. Nay, your Honour's at ſtake, and if you diſappoint——

Aſt. I can't ſpare a Glove, but be that my ſecurity——

[*Throws a purſe of Money.*

Fre. Ha!——but——remember the Hour.

Aſt. And you the occaſion. Adieu, Servant. [*Exit.*

[Freeman *alone opening the Purſe.*

I came! I ſaw! I conquer'd! Gold bright as her ſelf! This is the luckyeſt adventure! Others Solicite, Bribe, Riſe early, haunt Courts and great Men's *Levees*, and follow Fortune in the ſervile Crowd, but I meet the Goddeſs leſs ingag'd, and court her in her lovelyeſt ſhape, a Woman; a Woman too that has more Wit and Beauty, than Riches ever gave, or Poverty took away —— but what now can this Woman be! She has too much Wit to come from the City, and too much Money to come from the Court —— but to Morrow muſt unriddle all —— I feel my Soul riſe with my Pocket —— (*looks on the Gold*) Thou lovely God that haſt no Atheiſt! Thou art the Courtiers Promiſe, the Lawyers Honeſty, the Soldiers Courage, and the Widow's Tears —— but here is now a Fellow [*Enter* Cleremont.] whoſe Life is a ſtudy'd Idleneſs—— Well, *Cleremont*, the report is true!

I ſee

I ſee Marriage writ in thy Face; and after railing at it all thy Life, thou art reſolv'd to fall into the Nooſe at laſt.

Cler. 'Tis the propereſt time to fall into one.

Fre. Then you begin to have nothing in your head now, but Settlements, Children, and the Main Chance.

Cle. Nothing leſs, but inſtead of that, I have Pills, Elixers, Bolus's, Ptizans, and Gallipots.

Fre. Why, is the Lady you court an Apothecaries Widow?

Cle. No, but ſhe is an Apothecaries Shop, ſhe holds all his Drugs, ſhe has her Phyſick for every hour of the Day and Night —— her Bed is lin'd with Poppies, the black Boys at the Feet, that the vulgar imploy to bear Flowers in their Arms, ſhe loads with *Diaſcordium*, and other ſleepy Potions, that the little Devils ſeem to nod o'er their Charge ——— her ſweet Bags are not perfum'd with ſuch common ſtuff, and offenſive to the Brain, as Musk and Amber; but they breath the Delightful and Salubrious Scents of Hartshorn, Rue, and *Aſſefetida*.

Fre. Why, ſhe's fit to be the Conſort of *Hippocrates!* but what other Charms has this extraordinary Lady?

Cle. She has one, *Tom*, that a Man may reliſh without being ſo deep a Phyſician.

Fre. What's that?

Cle. Why 2000 *l.* a Year.

Fre. No vulgar Beauty indeed! but canſt thou for any conſideration join thy ſelf to this Hoſpital, this Box of Phyſick, and be forc'd to lye all Night like Leaf-gold upon a Pill?

Cle. Alas, *Tom*, this is not half the Evil, her humour is as ſtrange as her Dyet — all about her muſt have fine Airs, and if ſhe cou'd, her Poſtilion ſhou'd be a Gentleman —— ſhe ſetled a Penſion upon one of her Footmen for loſing a Foretooth, and ſaid he was maim'd in her ſervice.

Fre. I'm afraid you'll come to your Penſion too for a more conſiderable maim —— but what can you do with her, and her Phyſick; in a little time ſhe'll grow like an Antimonial Cup, and a kiſs will be able to work with you!

Cle. The beſt way to avoid that danger, wou'd be to marry her; for moſt Wives may be Antimonial Cups long enough, without being found out of their Husbands; but to prevent that, *Tom*, I deſign to break all the Glaſſes, and kick the Doctor down Stairs, on the Wedding day; and ſo I have told her.

Fre. That's very familiar; are you ſo near Man and Wife?

Cle. O! nearer, we begin to hate one another already.

Fre. I find then you'd Cure her of her Phyſick by a Counter-Poyſon——— but prithee *Cleremont* let me prevail with you to leave this humour of abuſing Marriage; 'tis a mean Entertainment, and there's not a Porter in Town but can be too witty for you in it.

Cle. You ſee then I am o' th' right ſide, for their ſence can't riſe above ſpeaking Truth.

Fre. Then to ſcorn Marriage while you deſire it, is to treat your Miſtreſs

like a common Dame that will be kickt into humour; and you'll be thought to know no other way that only ſtrive to huff her to it.

Cle. Perhaps it might be the beſt.

For Women born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Dainty *and* Cloe, *followed by two Foot-Men.*

Lady. PEace good Impertinence, I tell thee no Woman of Quality is, or ſhould be in perfect health; hah! hah!— *Tom.*

1 *Foot.* Madam.

Lady. Go to my Lady *Formals*, ask how ſhe reſted, and tell her the violence of my cold is abated—— [*Exit Footman.*

To be always in health is as inſipid as to be always in humour; one is the effect of too little Breeding, as the other of too little Wit, and fit only for the Clumſy State of a Citizen —— I am ready to faint under the very Idea of ſuch a vulgar Life. Hah! hah! hah!—*Will.*

2 *Foot.* My Lady!

Lady. Run to my Lady *Loveviſit*, and tell her Ladyſhip, that I am ſo imbarraſt with the Spleen this Morning, I can't tell whether I ſhall be able to ſtir abroad; and know how ſhe reſted after the fatiegue of yeſterday—— hah! hah! hah! hah! [*Exit* Foot-Man.

Cloe. [*Aſide.*] Theſe Ladies make themſelves Sick, to make themſelves buſineſs, and are well or ill, only in Ceremony to each other.

Lady. What doeſt mutter?

Cloe. The new Foot-Man is not return'd.

Lady. 'Tis indeed a ſtrange Lump, I wonder the good, Lady *Prayſeall*, ſhou'd recommend him to me, he is not fit to carry a Diſeaſe to any Body; I ſent him t'other Day with the Chollick to ſome Ladies, and he put it into his own Language it ſeems, and call'd it the Belly-Ach! I was under the greateſt Confuſion! for the ſame Afternoon, two or three of 'em, in the Publick China-Houſe, Saluted me upon it,—I was forc'd to explain the Booby's meaning, elſe I had ſuffered the imputation of ſo vulgar a Diſeaſe! Hah! hah! hah!

Cloe. I wiſh your Ladyſhip had not Occaſion to ſend any: for my part——

Lady. Thy part! Why thou wer't made, I think of the Maſculine kind— 'tis betraying our Sex, not to be Sickly and Tender! Whence came it, think'ſt thou, that we firſt were ſerv'd and attended, by Men of our own Rank, but that it was the good breeding of our Mothers to be Feeble.

Cloe. I finding my Mother was a Clown. [*Aſide.*

Lady.

Lady. Obſerve but the Families I viſit, they have all ſomething deriv'd to 'em, from the Elegant, Nice State of Sickneſs, you may ſee even in the Males, a Genteel, as it were ſtagger or twine of their Bodies——As they were not yet confirm'd enough, for the Rough, Laborious Exerciſe of Walking; a Saunter in their Motion, that is, ſo like Quality! And their Voice, is ſo ſoft and low, you'd think they were aſleep, that are ſo very Delicate.

Cloe. Methinks, Madam, it wou'd be better if the Men were not altogether ſo tender.

Lady. Indeed, I have ſometimes wiſh'd that they were not, but, it is to diſtinguiſh 'em from the groſs Education of the Commons, and it is fit, ſince they differ ſo much by Nature, in their Spirit and their Form; Nay, moſt of their very Diſeaſes, are not Prophaned by the Crowd, the Apoplexy and Gout, are peculiar to the Nobility, and I cou'd wiſh that Colds alſo were only ours, for there is ſomething in 'em, ſo genteel and becoming!——Hah! hah! hah!

Cloe. [*Aſide.*] That I hope I ſhall never be fit for 'em——Your Ladyſhip forgot the Spleen.

Lady. O my Dear Spleen, I grudge even ſome of us; that ingenious Diſeaſe viſits only the moſt Delicate.

Cloe. I knew a Tradeſman's Wife, that was mightily troubled with it.

Lady. A Tradeſman's Wife! Ha! ha! Nay, thoſe little Creatures, like the Monkey among Beaſts, do follow us in ev'ry thing——They Dreſs! They Game! They have their Cold-Tea! Give Airs! Intriegue! And go as far as ſimple Nature can. Hah! hah! Never think it *Cloe*, a Meer Commoner cou'd not be ſo honoured, as a Lyon they ſay will Fawn upon nothing but a King; ſo this Elegant diſtemper ſubmits its ſelf to none, but the well deſcended——I profeſs——I Feel it, while I commend it——

Cloe. Will your Ladyſhip take ſome Steel drops, or ſome Bolus! or Electuary! or——

Lady. This Wench will kill me with Queſtions, hah! hah! bring any of 'em. [*Exit* Cloe.

Theſe healthy Sluts are too Boiſterous for the Tender Frame of a Well-Bred Woman——I am reſolv'd if there be a decay'd Perſon of Quality to be got in Town, I'll have her——ever ſince this Noiſy Creature has been in my Houſe, it has been taken for an Inn——Well the Commons of *England* are the ſtrangeſt Creatures! Hah! hah!

Re-enter Cloe.

Cloe. Madam, the Doctor, the Apothecary, the Exchange-Woman, and the Cunning-Man; that your Ladyſhip calls, Stro-ſtrologer are below.

Lady. Bid 'em come up, they may divert my Spleen, better than the Medicine——Hah! hah! Well, the regularity of Life is certainly the happieſt thing that belongs to it.

[*Enter* Cloe, Doctor, *&c.*

I am glad you're come *Doctor*, for to live without you, is Sailing without a Compaſs; Mrs *Pert*, let me ſee how you have ordered thoſe Ruffles.

Pert. Madam, your Ladyſhip, I am ſure will be in Love with 'em, I have made 'em to the Neweſt Faſhion; ſome *French* Ladies were at my Shop Yeſterday, and I cut 'em exactly with theirs. [*Opening a Box.*

Dr. How did your Ladyſhip reſt?

Lady. Never worſe *Dr.* but I know the reaſon, it was my Viſiting-Night, and my Old Lady *Linger* ſtay'd after all were gone, and unmercifully kept me up, at leaſt half an hour beyond my time.

Dr. 'Twas unſufferable, Madam, but I'll order ſomething to compoſe your Ladyſhip, and repair that misfortune.

Lady. I like the Air of this Ruffle mightily —— The *French* are certainly the moſt agreeable People upon Earth —— Do they wear 'em ſo low?

Pert. Exactly, an' pleaſe your Ladyſhip——the Bottom of the Lace muſt agree with the Tip of your Ladyſhip's little Finger —— To wear it higher, wou'd ſhow too much of your Ladyſhip's Arm.

Lady. Which I wou'd not do by any means—it looks like a Waſherwoman, to bare above the Ring——*Dr.* I long to enter on my New courſe of Phyſick, but Pray let me have nothing in it, that may any way interrupt the order of my Viſits, for I wou'd not purchaſe health ſo dear, as with the loſs of one Days agreements.

Dr. I ſhall be careful.

Lady. Mrs. *Pert*—Be ſure you get me the Lace, for I'll wear none but what is Prohibited.

Pert. I'll ſearch all the Merchants Pockets, as diligently as their Wives do, but I'll have it for your Ladyſhip.

Lady. Mr. *Rubarb*, I muſt Quarrel with you——you don't enough diſguiſe the Medicin's you ſend me —— I can taſt they are Phyſick—in a little time, you'll bring me to take plain Jalap? hah! hah!

Rub. To alter it more, might offend the Operation.

Lady. I don't care what is offended, ſo my taſt is not.

Dr. Hark y' Mr. *Rubarb*, withdraw the Medicine rather than not make it pleaſant, I'll find a reaſon for the Operation. [*Lady* Dainty *turning to the* Aſtrologer.

Lady. And is it poſſible, Sir, that the Stars ſhou'd have ſuch Power over us, methinks they live at too great a diſtance.

Aſt. All things here are rul'd by unſeen ways, and what Phyſicians vainly aſcribe to Drugs, is done by the Stars.

Lady. Well this is a divine Art, but, Sir, have the Stars any reſpect for a Face, or a Complexion?

Aſt. Oh! Madam! More immediately as lying neareſt their Orbs.

Lady. Well certainly this is the genteeleſt way of Curing that ever was invented, and ſeems deſign'd for the eaſe for the Nobiſity——To take our Medicines at the Mouth, is indeed ſo like a Horſe! Hah! hah!

Dr. [*Aſide.* to *Rubarb.*] I have drain'd the Catalogue of Diſeaſes already, and can't think what to put in her Head.

Rub. Nay, Sir, if we don't look about us, ſh'll grow well upon our Hands.

Dr. Never fear that.

Enter

Enter Clerimont.

Cle. So! here's the *Levee!* Doctor and Apothecary in close Consultation! They are worse than a Jury upon Life and Death ——— But yonders my Engine at Work; the Stargazer has got her by the Ear —— I must retreat and give him the sign.

[*Goes behind the Scenes, and Sings*——Corinna *with a graceful Air*, &c.

Lady. Ha!———'Tis a good Voice.

Ast. (Between the Stanza's) I foresee that some rude influence will suddainly assault you——I can't tell in what manner, but the same thing will prove afterwards very happy to you.

[*The Song ended, Enter* Clerimont.

Lady. Ay, Sir: How true you speak!

Cle. You see, Madam, what pains I take to contrive your diversion.

Lady. You take a very Preposterous way.

Cle. I can't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I endeavour right, for I study every Morning new impertinence, to entertain you.

Lady. You need not study for it, Nature, Sir, will never fail you.

Cle. But if she shou'd one day, the misfortune may be irreparable! You might forget to faint to be Shagreen, to have the Spleen, and all those agreeable things that distinguish a Woman of Quality.

Lady. I am perfectly confounded! Certainly there are some People too impudent for our resentment, but I shall leave him.

[*Exeunt all but* Clerimont.

Cle. All this shan't make me out of Love with my Virtue—Impudence, was ever a successful Quality, and 'twou'd be very unlucky, if I shou'd be the first that did not thrive by it. (*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Astrea.

Cla. I find then, you are a true Politician, *Astrea*, and by an extraordinary Conduct have secur'd your self against the Curiosity of the World, the insolence of Servants, and what methinks a Woman most shou'd fear, the Malice of revolting Favourites.

Astre. That indeed is the most certain danger, for its grown the manner of the Fashionable Men, to recommend themselves to new Mistresses, by a Sacrifice of the Old, and make other surrender with the Barbarities they use to the Conquer'd.

Cla. Well! That one Rock now wou'd keep me from venturing to Sea.

Astre. You will not be without dangers ashore, for there are some disagreeable Puppies, that report a Woman ill because she wou'd not be so, but the real happy, like the real rich, seldom make a noise of it.

Cla. At this rate, the only way to preserve our Virtue, is to give it up like throwing away our Money, for fear we shou'd be rob'd of it —— I find in a Poor Woman's Affairs, the Publick are very humorous, if she ventures she's lost, if she don't she is not safe, well I'm very honest yet, and——

Astre. This is not generous, *Clarinda*—You see the Confidences I make you—Tell me, was you never in Love?

Cla. I don't know what Love is, but I like a Fellow mightily, that I saw at the Play last night.

Aſtre. Ha! What ſort of Man?

Cla. Nay, I can't tell, but he chas'd you, for as ſoon as you went, I miſs'd him.

Aſtre. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis too ſure——His Heart fail'd him if he did, for he never came up with me——But where did he ſit?

Cla. Juſt before our Box, in Red.

Aſtre. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis he, what muſt I do!

Cla. You are Alarm'd!

Aſtre. No, I am thinking if I know him.

Cla. He ſeem'd to be an agreeable idle Fellow, and his Converſation I overheard, was full of unuſual Generoſity.

Aſtre. (*Aſide.*) I have it, it may help my own deſign — What wou'd you give to ſee him?

Cla. Why, is it in your Power?

Aſtre. Very much—— But come into my Room, and there —— I'll contrive your happineſs — (*Aſide.*) Or ſecure my own to deceieve my Rival's, an allowable Cheat.

Thus Nature, Friendſhip, Honour we remove,
And no regards are prevalent in Love.

Enter Sir Solomon *and* Freeman.

Sir *Sol.* Ha, ha, ha, to reach *Peru* in an hour, my happy *Mariner*!

Fre. My North Star!

Sir *Sol.* Did not I tell you, *Tom*, I underſtood the World—— Ha, ha, ha, but thou think'ſt ſhe's a Wife?

Fre. Ay, and ſo Charming, that each Dart ſhe ſhoots is big with double Death, and Kills at once with Love and Jealouſy——She's a Bleſſing too great for any one Mortal.

Sir *Sol.* Ha, ha, that's pretty plain, *Tom.*

Fre. A pretty Bluſh ſtill riſes in her Cheeks, her looks are Modeſt, and her Speech is Comely, a touch of her wou'd move you more than all the ſoft imbraces *Venus* us'd to warm the God of War!

Sir *Sol.* You make my Blood boil with the Deſcription, and throw me ten Years back to Youth—— but how did'ſt attack her, I warrant ſhe was mighty careful of her Honour?

Fre. No, ſhe had too much Sence, for in theſe matters, thoſe extraordinary Fears, look more like a Gilt than Piety, and there's none ſo free of their Honour, as thoſe that are very tender of it.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, I am apt to think, that the Women that talk of their Honour, like the Men that talk of their Courage, are the People that leaſt value it——But prethee, *Tom*, how was it then.

Fre. Why, I fix'd my ſelf near the Box.

Sir *Sol.* Ha!——

Fre. Where I met an honeſt Fellow of our Regiment.

Sir *Sol.* Ha!——

Fre. I obſerv'd ſhe liſten'd to our talk, and form'd my diſcourſe accordingly.

Sir *Sol.* Sly Dog!

Fre. She took occaſion to go out before the Play was done.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! you Rogue!

Fre. And ſent a Chair-man to me.

Sir *Sol.* Hark 'ye, *Tom*, did not I tell you I underſtand the World ——

Fre. You did, Sir *Solomon.*

Sir *Sol.* You'll be rul'd by me another time?

Fre. Always, always.

Sir *Sol.* Looky, *Tom*, I am acquainted with theſe things, and if I pleaſe, cou'd tell you thoſe that have been kept by Counteſſes —— but let that paſs— I always lov'd intrieguing —— now what wou'd I give to know how the poor Dearee at home is. Ha! ha! ha! did ſhe tell you that?

Fre. No, but I ſhall know all to day.

Sir *Sol.* I wou'd fain find him out to ſhare with you the pleaſure of laughing at him; ha! ha! who can it be, perhaps ſome Old——

Fre. Paralytick —

Sir *Sol.* Driveling——

Fre. Miſer— that wou'd keep his Wife as he does his Money, as much from other Peoples uſe as his own.

Sir *Sol.* But you ask his Pardon there —— I told you how 'twould be! Now, *Tom*, don't you, like ſome Generals, half fluſh'd with Victory, loſe the Day by being too ſure of it: There is Conduct to be uſed in Love as well as War, and you ſhould purſue as well as Conquer—— It was *Pompey*'s Character, to be able to get a Battle, but not to keep it; but be you a *Cæſar* in Love, and truſt not your Enemy out of your ſight; the next thing you do, is to get acquainted with her Husband.

Fre. That's the Old way; but methinks it is drawing the Danger too near his Eyes.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, ſo near, that he'll near be able to ſee it.

Fre. Yet it is better done by a Friend—— for firſt, if I keep him Company abroad, I but make Opportunities that I can't uſe.

Sir *Sol.* Then you ſhould drink him down at home.

Fre. And ſo while I am qualifying him for a Cuckold, put it out of my Power to make him one.

Sir *Sol.* Talk what you will, *Tom*, ones boſom Friend is the propereſt Perſon to make one a Cuckold: Then I'd fain have you acquainted with him, if it be only to ſee if there is any truth in that Old ſaying, that they are always fond — My dear Rogue! of them that make 'em— He'll have an extreme Affection for thee.

Fre. I ſuppoſe, according to the degree of mine, for his Wife; for Nature is very grateful, before it is corrupted with Knowledge.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! ha! Well, certainly the Life of a Cuckold is a very happy one, as long as he does not know it—— for all that do him the favour, are ſtill ready to wait on him, and to humour him; and he, without knowing why, is mightily in love with them—— Well, *Tom*, you do nothing without you bring this about——— beſides, I wou'd not be ſo unfaſhionably wicked, as not to make a Friend where I made a Cuckold.

Enter Careleſs.

Car. (*Pulling* Freeman) Sir, Sir, Captain.

Fre. Ha, my Voluntier.

Sir *Sol. Careleſs* here, why thou art as generous as his Dog, and follow'ſt him in all Fortunes—But one wou'd a thought, tho' he was broke, you might a' been a Cadee, and roſe in a ſtanding Regiment.

Car. What now there's a Peace, Sir *Solomon*?

Sir *Sol.* Ay, ay, a common thing, but I ſee you have buſineſs —— your Servant. [*Exit.*

Fre. Sir *Solomon*, I Kiſs your hands——What's the matter?

Car. Don't ſtay a Minute, Sir; your Fortune's made.

Fre. Prithee, unriddle firſt.

Car. Nay, you'll ſlip the Opportunity.

Fre. No matter, I'll hear it.

Car. Why then, Sir, I have been Walking in the Mall— (as I uſually do, till Dinner time is over) where I over-hear'd a Young Lady commend you at an unreaſonable—— (Fre. *Frowns.*

Extraordinary rate I mean, Captain, I took her at firſt to be one of thoſe Military Ladies, that us'd to fight their way through Gowns and Petticoats, under your Commiſſion; but meeting your Friend, Capt. *Blunt*, he told me 'twas a Lady of 500 *l.* a Year.

Free. 500 *l.* a Year, Come! Come lets go——

Car. Nay, won't you hear it?

Fre. S'death, you unſeaſonable Dog, come along. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Dainty and *Cloe.*

Lady. This rough ill-bred Fellow has given me a thouſand Diſorders; the Cholick, the Spleen, the Palpitation of the Heart, and Convulſions all over me——Huh huh—Are the Doctors come, ſay ye?

Clo. Yes, Madam.

Lady. Bring 'em up—But ſtay, give 'em their Fees below, that I mayn't be troubl'd with their filthy hands for any thing but my Cure——I think five Guinea's apiece as little as I can give in ſo dangerous a Caſe. (*Exit* Cloe. ——I am ſo afraid, the pain of this Finger increaſes, that if they can't ſatisfy me in it, I am determin'd to have the whole College—Huh, huh, huh.

Re-nter

Re-enter Cloe *with three Doctors.*

Doctors, I am over-joy'd to see you. (*They all Bow.*

Tickle. Madam, this is the Celebrated Dr. *Bloodem.* (*They pre-*

Blood. And this Gentleman is the Learned Dr. *Safety.* *sent one*

And this, Madam, the Admir'd Dr. *Ticklepulse.* *another.*

Saf. I saw but the glimpse of your Ladiship's Servant, and ran into my Coach, for my Horses are always ready.

Lady. Aside.] I wonder how this Man grew so famous, when he is so careful! It looks so ordinary in a great Doctor to be diligent——Well, Gentlemen, I am sensible I break the Order of your Debates, and that it is your Custom to consult by your selves; but I hope you will forgive my fears.

Tickle. Your Ladyship may oblige us to any thing.

Lady. And let me desire you to be quick in your Resolves; for I long to know the Degree of my Danger——This is the Finger.

Blood. Doctor, what is your Opinion?

Saf. Good Sir, will you begin?

Blood. I submit to Dr. *Safety.*

Saf. Pardon me, Sir ——Dr. *Ticklepulse.*

Tickle. Not for the Universe, Gentlemen. You have both taken your Doctors Degrees, and I'm but a Licentiate.

Lady. Nay, then!——Good Sirs, use not these Ceremonies, but consider my Grief, and let your Comforts be sudden——I shall die before they begin. [*Aside.*

Tickle. taking her Hand.] —— I forgot to observe——— Methinks there is some Contusion. Does not your Ladyship feel a gentle glowing tow'rds the Line of Life? (*Squeezes it.*

Cloe. Aside.) I believe Dr. *Ticklepulse*'s Skill lies more in the Palm than the Pulse:

Tickle. But, Doctor, will you?—

Saf. You do me an Honour—But now, Gentlemen, we must first consider the structure of the Digitary Muscles.

Lady. Pray, Doctors, descend to my Understanding, and lay aside your hard Words.

Saf. Why then, Madam, this is the Ring-Finger.

Lady. Ay, Sir.

Blood. The worse for that.

Lady. How, Doctor?

Saf. No, Madam, the better; for there is an immediate Communication with the Heart, that makes us sensible of the least Grief; and I am of Opinion to take a Spoonful or two of Milk Water in a Morning, applying some innocent Poultice to the part, might ease your Ladyship in a Fortnight.

Lady. A Fortnight!

Tickle. I am for ſome genteel Remedy, that wou'd not make a Lady's Hand look like a Plaiſter.

Lady. I Love a well-bred-Doctor. [*Aſide.*

Tickle. And if your Ladyſhip kept it warm roll'd up in ſome pretty Pink-Colour'd Ribbon.

Blood. Pink-Colour'd Ribbon, Doctor, is fitter for a Top-knot than a Medicine. I'm not for Fiddle-Faddles. But let me have her Cupt and Scarify'd, a ſtrong Bliſtering Plaiſter to her Wriſts, with taking a Gallon or two of Sage Poſſet-drink, and there may be ſome hopes of her Ladyſhip.

Lady. Doctor, Am I to Bath in your Sage Poſſet-drink?

Tickle. I am not for uſing a Lady ſo ungenteelly.

Saf. Nor I for Bleeding the Finger at all; And I ſhake when I think of the Lady in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, that looks ſo ghaſtly with her Finger thus—And a drop of Life-blood hanging at the end of it.

Blood. Life-blood! Sir, ſhe dy'd of the fright, and not of the Bleeding.

Tickle. You are both out in this matter, for ſhe dy'd by a miſtake ——

Saf. } How!
Blood. }

Lady. I am apt to think ſhe did not deſign it.

Tickle. To the other two.] I ſay then——[*Turning to her.*]——Your Ladyſhip muſt obſerve, that among the Silver Pins that ſhe had us'd for her Dreſs, her Woman by miſtake had ſtuck ſome of a courſer Metal, which feſter'd her Finger, and kill'd her.

Blood. Ha, ha, ha——I ſay——

Tickle. Sir, I ſay——

Lady. Nay, no quarrelling, good Doctors——Beſides it is not to the purpoſe how ſhe dy'd —But pray tell me, in the firſt place, how *I* muſt order my Diet? Or whether *I* muſt eat at all?

Saf. Your Ladyſhip muſt confine your ſelf to ſome plain innocent Food.

Tickle. Oh, Madam! You may eat any thing that's Pretty and Dear.

Lady. Aſide.] This Doctor ſhou'd be of Quality by his Preſcriptions.

Blood. Look y' Madam, never mind your Kick-Shaws, but eat me good Beef and Mutton to Sweeten the Blood.

Lady. Beef and Mutton! Thoſe Creatures never enter'd my Doors.

Blood. Ay, Madam; *I* have cur'd Forty Sea-Captains Wives of deep Conſumption with Pork and Peaſe.

Lady. Sea-Captains Wives!——I'll take none of thy Phyſick. [*Aſide.*

Tickle. Wou'd you have a Lady feed ſo groſly?

Lady. Ha, ha, ha——Ay, Mr. *Ticklepulſe*, it ſeems ſo.

Saf. *I* wou'd not alter your Diet at all —— But, as to the Cure, nothing will do but gentle Catharticks and the Bagnio.

Tickle. They are troubleſome Operations, if they were to the purpoſe. But *I* ſay, Sir, the eaſieſt and moſt effectual Remedy in this Caſe, is a Leech apply'd to the Tip of her Ear; for 'tis not come to the Criſis.

Saf. The Criſis!

Tickle. Ay, Sir; And it muſt be a Pond-Leech, to Sympathize with the Stagnate Blood.

Blood. A Pond-Leech! a Pond-Gudgeon as ſoon, Sir. For, if a Leech were proper, it muſt be a River-Leech to divert the *Humidum Radicale* from flowing to the part [Lady. *Holds her Ears.*

Tickle. I tell you, Sir, it muſt be a Pond-Leech.

Blood. I ſay, Sir, it muſt be a River-Leech.

Tickle. Nothing will do but a Pond-Leech.

Saf. walking, and ſpeaking to himſelf.] They'll bring it to be cut of with their Learning.

Lady. How! How Doctor! What's that you ſay? Cut off! [*Turning to* Saf.

Blood. Ay, Madam, without you apply unſlak'd Lime to repel the Cold Humour, you may come to loſe your Arm.

Lady. Turning to him.] Good Sir.

Saf. I ſay, Sir, 'tis--a--hot--Humour, and nothing--will--cure--it--but--Camphire.

Lady, Turning to him.] Ay, Doctor!

Tick. Mimicking 'em.] You ſay, that it is a hot Humour; and you, Sir, that it is a cold! But I ſay, y'are both impertinent Fops, and know nothing of the matter.

Lady. Nay, now!———

Blood. Good Dr. *Ticklepulſe*, keep to your Cringing and your Pink-Colour'd Remedies.

Saf. For we are talking of Phyſick.

Tickle. You wou'd ſhew it more by your not talking; and your Wiſdom lies more in your Cane than your Head.

Lady. They ſcold like Lawyers, and have as little Modeſty. [*Aſide.*

Saf. I have practis'd theſe twenty Years, and gentle Purging was always my Rule.

Blood. I ſay, Sir, Bleeding! Bleeding is the Univerſal Cure! I han't been at *Leyden*, and ſtudy'd all this time for nothing.

Tickle. But I kept my Coach before you, and I am always for Vomiting.

Blood. I have Cur'd as many as both of you have kill'd; and that's a bold Word.

Lady. Riſes and goes to Cloe.) Nay, for Heaven's ſake Gentlemen; I am well; I am well; you have cur'd me———Ho!——I can endure any thing. I cou'd almoſt conſent to be healthy, rather than bear this Noiſe.

(*Exeunt* Lady *and* Cloe.

Saf. Sir, I receive daily Preſents from the Parſons of ten Pariſhes for my Care of the People.

Tick. From the Grave-Makers, you mean.

Blood. Parſons! ———Sir, 'tis well known that the Duke of *Venice* and King of *France* were my intimate Acquaintance; the Famous *Jo. Haynes* and I were of their Cabinet———But you are not worth talking to— (*Going.*

Saf. Sir, by your leave. (*Pulls him*

Blood. Give place to you! Why, Sir, I was a Doctor at *Padua* when you were a Whipping at *Weſtminſter.*

Tickle. A Ruſh for your *Padua*'s: Place, Sir, belongs to him that's moſt cry'd up; and all the Ladies in Town have an eſteem for me; and ſo, Sir —(*Going.*

Blood. Ay, for Killing their Husbands ——Pray, Sir, know your ſelf; I'm a Doctor,

Saf. And ſo am I.

Tickle. But I'm a Phyſician. (*Exeunt* Blood. *and* Tick. *ſtrugling.*

Saf. Impudence and Ignorance will always be too hard for Merit.

(*Exit following and Pointing.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Sylvia.

Cla. Puh! go fetch the Book, then good Couſin! (*Exit* Sylvia. Love, what a ſtrange betwitching ill art thou! That thoſe who feel thy Torments, wiſh no cure—I am Sick, and all I Hear, or See, or Dream of, is my Soldier——Yet I'm to be near him ſoon——But if I am, he perhaps mayn't Love, or at leaſt mayn't know that I do— Or while in tedious Civillities, he Racks my heart—it will be Death to me—Happy ignorant Man! Have you found it? *Re-enter* Sylvia.

Sylvia. Yes.

Cla. Prithee Sing it, while we walk, for 'tis the only Song I can liſten to.

(1.)

Sylvia Sings. *Fond Woman with miſtaken Art,*
Does on her ſelf impoſe,
She feels with grief the ſecret ſmart,
Nor will the wound diſcloſe.

(2.)

We Sigh, we Burn, we Rage, we Die,
Yet muſt the Curſe indure,
To ſee the Lov'd Phyſician nigh,
And dare not ask the Cure.

Cla. Sings. *And dare not ask the Cure.* (Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Freeman *and* Careleſs.

Car. Here, they went this way.

Fre. Hold, we'll wait for 'em in this Double ——— 500 *l.* a Year you ſay.

Car. Ay, beſides a great deal of ready Money.

Fre. I did not ſee her Face, but 'tis the Talleſt? Pray don't let me fall in Love with the wrong Woman.

Car. Never apprehend it ——— A Man of your Neceſſities, methinks might know a Fortune by inſtinct ——— But hark ye, the Maid I hope is to be my Prize!

Fre. No, no, Sir, I won't have my Family Corrupted.

Car. Nay, Sir, I have kept a Plaguy Long-Lent, and it won't be much in danger yet a while.

Fre. Well, *Jack*, I have a Carnival for thee in my Pocket, and if *I* ſucceed in this Adventure, you ſhall never know another Lent. [*Strikes his Pocket.*

Car. That indeed is Muſick, and I'm recover'd with the Sound ——— 'Zbud! We wou't value the Fortune with that about us ——— But here they come.

Fre. Ha! I have ſeen that Face.

Enter Clarinda *and* Sylvia.

Cla. Here again! Well if he has but Courage to advance, I have at preſent ſo little Hypocriſie about me, I ſhou'd ſurrender upon any Terms ——— Ha! he comes, my Reſolution totters, and I find the Woman return upon me very Powerfully ——— I'm affraid I ſhall deny him.

Syl. (*Aſide.*) If I were ſure the other was not a Servant! I cou'd like him mightily ———

Fre. (*to* Cla.) Madam, in theſe Familiar Walks, this Liberty's ſo common, that had I no buſineſs ———

Car. (*Aſide.*) Ay! Buſineſs! ———

Cla. Sir,

Fre. You have taken away the Life of an Innocent Gentleman, who can find no quiet in his Grave, but ſends me, Madam, who am all that can appear of him, his reſtleſs Ghoſt! ———

Cla. A Ghoſt! Ha! ha! ha! Pray how long have you been dead?

Fre. Ever ſince laſt Night at the Play — I did but ſee you, and was loſt.

Car. Ah, Poor Man! Ghoſt I mean, but I am idle. (*Goes to* Sylvia.

Cla. Nay, there you over did it, die in earneſt ——— What part did you Act?

Fre. A Lovers, Madam.

Cla. No wonder you're a weary of your Coffin ——— But I warrant you wou'd make me ſome diſcovery ——— Well, where is your hidden Treaſure?

Fre. Madam, you muſt follow me to find it ——— (*Offering at her Hand.*

Cla. O! No I dare not truſt my ſelf with a Ghoſt.

Car. (*to* Sylvia.) Nay, Madam, tho' the Captain is, as a Man may ſay, a Ghoſt; yet your Humble Servant, I aſſure you is Fleſh and Blood, and the Worms have not had a Meal of me yet.

Syl. I am ſorry for it.

Car. And cou'd you be ſo Barbarous to wiſh, This Face! This Shape! Theſe Limbs! To be thrown under ground.

Syl. Ay! For they're fit for nothing above——

Cla. Well, that I mayn't be troubled more with People of the other World———Say, I wiſh'd to lay you, what ſhou'd I do?

Fre. (*ſeizing on her Hand.*) Oh! Madam, you do it while you wiſh it, behold the Magick force of one kind Word, I'm all reſtor'd! The Life you give runs thrilling to my Heart, and I'm no more a ſhade.

Cla. What have I done! Nay, be a Ghoſt again or we part.

Fre. (*Kneeling.*) Ah! Madam, don't repent your Bounty, that from a ſhadow rais'd a glowing Lover———

Car. (*to* Sylvia.) You're affraid I warrant to be talkt of, for Loving at firſt ſight———Come it will be but a Nine-days Wonder—I ſhall ſee———

Syl. All Puppies do in that time.

Car. I find we ſhall have rare witty Children!

Syl. 'Twill Croſs the Proverb elſe, if you are the Father.

Car. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis likely to be a Match by her Natural averſion to me——Look ye, Madam, you may diſguiſe your Inclinations if you pleaſe; indeed, if you had fallen in Love with an *Æſop*, or a *Creon*, you might have had ſcruples to own it, But——

Syl. Well, certainly thou art the vileſt Ragamuffin, that ever trotted after a Soldier; Thou not only weareſt thy Maſters old Clothes, but the worſt of Scraps.; his ends of Sentences, and caſt wit too.

Car. And thou art certainly the moſt ignorant, *Abigal*, that ever ſnear'd behind a Lady, parts and Learning are loſt upon thee, and thou underſtand'ſt nothing but a Bribe.

Syl. I ſee then I'm in no danger of being talk'd to in my own Language.

Fre. to Cla.) I find we may as ſoon meet an Ugly Woman without Affectation, as a Pretty one without Cruelty, let ſome Paſſion prevail, be Merciful and hate me.

Cla. Nay, I'll rather glory in my indifference, and as a farther Proof of it, I walk here every Evening, and you ſhall ſee that you are not conſiderable enough to make me forbear one Day. Adieu! (*Exit.*

Free. May you be as Happy as you are Cruel!—

Car. Or as ſhe is Kind. (*Aſide.*

Syl. Farewel Frightful!

Car. Farewel *Mopſa!*

Free. What's the matter.

Car. All the matter is, that no Woman will be pleas'd with plain dealing, you have got a Miſtreſs by being a Ghoſt, and I have loſt one, by being Fleſh and Blood, well, I ſee he that wou'd get a Woman muſt———

With her own Arts the Hippocrite betray,
For Woman ne'er was catch'd but her own way.

(Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aſtrea.

Aſt. HE ſtays very long —— if *Clarinda* comes firſt, I ſhan't have time for my purpoſe —— but what am I going to do? —— to bring my Gallant to one that admires him— a pretty undertaking — but I have engag'd, and can't withdraw. Yet ſtay, by this I ſhall lay the Fame of the Intriegue upon her, and like a wiſe Monarch, make others fight for what I only enjoy— 'tis rare—— but if he ſhould like her I am loſt.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, there's a Gentleman below, Mrs. *Friendlove* calls Captain.

Aſt. Oh 'tis well — Hark ye, *Fidelia*, you muſt reſpect this Gentleman. [*Exit.*

Fid. Certainly my Lady is the happieſt Woman in the World, and the greateſt Politician: ſhe does every thing with ſuch an Air, that ev'n I that am privy to her Intriegues, dare not ſeem to know 'em; and the Fame of her Virtue protects her againſt all diſcoveries——— She's grown a Proverb, the Citizens preach her to their Wives, and the Courtiers to their Daughters, and now 'tis granted, that there is a pitch of Virtue ſecure againſt reproach——— but I muſt go to divert the Woman of the Houſe; for Lovers are beſt Company with one another; and ſhe'll tell 'em a ſtory of her Family, till they wiſh her at the Devil. Well! there is one happineſs in being a Ladies Woman, it inſtructs us in the Faſhionable Myſteries of Lying, Hypocriſy, and Intriegue: ſo that half a Years-Service, I'll maintain, ſhall teach a Woman to Cuckold her Husband, with more dexterity, than ten Years practice. [*Exit.*

Enter Freeman *and* Aſtrea.

Fre. I'm in a Wood.

Aſt. To bring you out I muſt tell you —— that 'tis with a great deal of difficulty I ſtir abroad, and that I have contriv'd your acquaintance with her, who is my Relation, and Neighbour, in order to gain more opportunities for my ſelf, and under that colour make our affair as laſting as ſecure.

Fre. I begin to underſtand you ——— I muſt publickly declare my ſelf, Madam *Clarinda*'s Lover, while— an excellent Plot— which if you thought of it?

Aſt. You are Mad —— I tell you ſhe's in earneſt; ſhe ſaw you, lik'd you, and would not reſt till I had told her a poſſibility of ſeeing you again, which I promis'd for the reaſons I have given— now d'ye think I han't made a great venture?

Fre. Is ſhe very handſome?

Aſt. If ſhe were, I find I ſhould be in danger.

Fre. No, but I ſhould then convince you, nothing could ſhake your intereſt in my heart.

Aſt. Well, ſome People do think her handſome, I wiſh you mayn't: but have a care how you move, I ſhall be very Jealous!

Fre. I'm afraid I ſhall do it ſo awkardly —— ſhe'll find me out.

Aſt. Truſt nature: but I have one ſcruple juſt comes into my head that will ſpoil all.

Fre. Nay then we are loſt, what is it?

Aſt. I'm afraid we ſhall loſe the pleaſure of the adventure, to think that it will not be in our own power to diſcover it.

Fre. That indeed is a ſcruple I ſhould not have thought of, but we muſt bear our misfortune as well as we can; and let us not be the firſt inſtance of Lovers that could not brook adverſity.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, Mrs *Clarinda* is at the Door.

Aſt. Very well. [*Exit.* Fidelia. Stay here while I prepare her, and in the mean time I'll ſend Mrs. *Friendlove* the Woman of the Houſe, to entertain you with her Pedigree and Impertinence. [*Exit.*

Freeman *Solus.*

This is an Excellent Wench, and I Love her Heartily, but 500 *l.* a Year I don't know what to do, let me conſider, if I Marry there's a Pretty Woman, and 500 *l.* a Year, which are not often together——Hum! If I don't, here's the moſt agreeable Creature in the World, and ——Hum———A Poor Lover is the Devil———No Bankrupt ever found a fair one Kind: Now for this Well-wiſher to the Mathematicks:

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. Alack-a-Day! Here's the Poor Gentleman alone.

Fre. This is kindly done, Madam:

Friend. You and I Captain muſt be acquainted it ſeems.

Fre. You make me proud:

Friend. I knew one of your Name in *Nottingham*, I believe we are a little related——For you muſt know Captian, as I told you within, I am ſome way a Kin to moſt of the great Families in *England*, and I never was two Minutes with any Body of Pedigree, but I found out that I was their Couſin.

Fre. Very likely, Madam——(This is an Original) [*Aſide.*

Friend. For which reaſon, Captain, out of pure reſpect to my Relations, I make all my Servants call me at every Word, My Lady, and your Laydſhip.

Fre. Your Ladiſhip is extremely in the right.

Friend.

Friend. Ha! ha! ha! I'll tell you a very pretty Accident, where I was viſiting t'other Day, came in three Welch Ladies, who pretend (forſooth) to be above other Folks for Family, and to be related to none but themſelves—But in a quarter of an hour's time, Captain, nothing was ſo great, as I and my Couſins, for upon a Compariſon of our Pedigree, it appear'd, that we all came from a Marriage of the *Ap Shinkins*, and the *Ap Shones*, but you don't mind Me, you are thinking of Miſs.

Fre. Miſs!

Friend. Ay, my Couſin *Cælia*, I call her Miſs, becauſe, I knew her from a Child, It was the neateſt beſt humour'd thing——— But pray, Captain how long have you been in *Flanders*.

Fre. Three Years, Madam———

Friend. She always delighted in her Chamber, and plac'd every thing in ſuch order! I warrant you have a Miſtreſs in every Town!

Fre. Yes, Madam.

Friend. Poor Gentleman! You can't think how Miſs would work, ſhe made me the Prettieſt Purſe, and I loſt it, going with ſome Ladies to a Fortune-Tellers.

Fre. This is deſign'd Murder. [*Holding his Ears aſide.*

Friend. But now you talk of Fortune-Tellers, Captain, I know ſome People laugh at 'em, but as ſure as you are there, he told me every thing ſo exactly, that I was forc'd to give him t'other, Shilling to hold his Tongue.

Fre. You did very prudently, Madam.

Friend. Are the Women in *Flanders* very handſome.

Fre. No, but to make amends they are very Kind.

Friend. Huh! Are they ſo———Well I Love ſincerity.

Free. No Body dies there of any thing but Bullets.

Enter Clarinda *and* Aſtrea.

Cla. Here's a Man!

Fre. Ha! Here will be fine Work! [*Aſide.*

Friend. Come Ladies don't be frighten'd, here's enough of us to deal with one Man——'Tis Capt. *Freeman*, a Couſin of Mine, who has been giving me an account of his Travels, which is ſo diverting.

Aſt. He looks alarm'd, I'll watch Him. [*Aſide.*

Friend. He ſays the Women in *Flanders*, Miſs, are not half ſo handſome, as they are here.

Free. Theſe Ladies will Juſtify it.

Aſt. I find there are Courtiers in *Flanders*, if there are no Beauties.

Cla. You 're the firſt Traveller, Sir, that did not highten the Rarities of of the Place———I'll warrant there are handſome Women.

Fre. There may, Madam, but they don't do ſo much miſchief as in *England*———They know the danger of letting 'em be ſeen, and kindly keeping 'em up in Nunneries, and Convents.

Friend. I Love 'em for that truly —— I am glad I was not born there, a Woman muſt ſpend her Youth and Beauty, over a String of Beads, or a piece

piece of Needle-Work, a pretty diverſion, we know better things in *England*.

Cla. It may be a cunning, Sir, to encreaſe that danger you ſpeak of, for what is always before us, does not affect us ſo much; and where Beauty is ſo common, I fanſie it does little harm.

Fre. Againſt that, Madam, you are an inſtance.

Cla. Mrs. *Friendlove*, your Relation has Travel'd farther than *Flanders*.

Friend. Pardon me, Madam, my Couſin knows a pretty Lady, and if he had turn'd his Eyes off you, might have ſeen more inſtances.

Fre. [*turning to her.*] (O dear Madam) [*Aſide.*] A good occaſion to Court my Miſtreſs.

Friend. Oh good, Sir——

Fre. I muſt have confeſs'd—that thou art a Monſter. [*Aſide.*

Friend. Sweet, Sir.

Fre. [*looking upon* Clarinda, *all the while.*] So much Youth and Beauty.

Friend. Oh dear, Sir——

Free. The moſt agreeable Air——

Friend. The civileſt, beſt bred Gentleman——

Fre. And Wit, that would have Kill'd, without the Aſſiſtance of your Eyes.

Friend. Well I Love, Truth and Honour!

Cla. } Ha! ha! ha! He manages it rarely.
Aſt. }

Fre. The genteeleſt Woman in the World——

Friend. And do you really think ſo?——Well, Couſin *Clarinda*, you'll be reconcil'd to the Captain, one would not think he had Travel'd at all by his ſincerity——Sweet Captain.

Aſt. aſide to Cla.) O the Beaſt!

Fre. And were you half ſo cruel as you are fair, I were loſt.

Friend. 'Twould be pity ſo worthy a Gentleman.

Free. [*Aſide.*] She'll conſent before I have half done —— From the firſt minute I ſaw you, you have been preſent to my Thoughts.

Friend. Poor Gentleman, one does not know one's Power. (*aſide.*

Fre. And I ſhould think of you, though I were ſpeaking to a Monſter.

Friend. Well, he is a charming Man!—— (*aſide.*

Fre. I behold that beauteous Face and blooming Youth, though a nauſeous Hag, and wither'd Age were before me——

Friend. (*Pulls out a glaſs* (*aſide.*) I do look killing to day ——

Fre. Is it poſſible, my lovely Unbeliever, you ſhould ſee me, and ſuſpect your intereſt in my heart.

Aſt. (*Aſide.*) I can't bear it tho' in jeſt——

Cla. 'Twould be cruel in her to do ſo, let me perſwade.

Friend. One muſt not believe all that Men ſay, Couſin, they are very deceitful——tho' I muſt needs own, the Captain is a worthy Gentleman, and very Judicious.

Fre. Oh! Madam, let me Kneel to thank you——continue, moſt diſtinguiſhing Lady, to pity me, and move that ſtubborn Fair One in my Favour. You never pleaded in ſo juſt a Cauſe, nor is any ſo fit to argue it as you— O

that

that I could but manifeſt my Breaſt, you would ſee the Pains I feel, that I Sigh, that I Burn, that I could Die, to Merit the Heart of the Lovely *Clarinda.*

Friend. Clarinda!

Cla. } A Pleaſant miſtake.
Aſt. }

Friend. A ſtrange miſtake!

Aſt. 'Tis ſo uſual with Lovers, Madam, that I have known ſome make Love in Jeſt, till they forget the Occaſion.

Fre. (*Aſide.*) A touch for me, *I* muſt take care——And where it was in the Heart before, Madam, 'tis an eaſier miſtake.

Aſt. *I* own it——(*Aſide to him.*) But you do it very Paſſionately.

Fre. I think of you.

Aſt. You was affraid you ſhou'd be ſo awkard.

Fre. You can't be jealous——

Aſt. I don't know what *I* am, but *I*'m in pain——

Car. The violence of his Love to you made him forget himſelf——

Friend. Very likely, nay, it muſt be ſo.

Fre. You are generous, Madam, to excuſe an unhappy Lover.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, the Chocolate is ready.

Friend. Come, come, Couſins all! We'll talk more within—Well, *I* ſhan't find in my Heart to let him live in Pain—Poor Man! (*Looking on the Glaſs.*) Very well! Mighty pretty! I'm overjoy'd! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleremont *and* Doctor, *and Drawer with Wine, Table and Chairs.*

Cle. Bring the Wine into this Room, it is more private: ſoh! leave us—— [*Exit Drawer.*

Now Doctor, you fully know my grief—— There's nought without the Compaſs of your Art——That ſubtle Art, that pierces deeper than the Skin, and views a Ladies Mind as well as Body; ſees all the ſecret Motions of her Heart, and every Paſſion there: Can direct their violence, or, if it pleaſes, make new Impreſſions—But firſt your Health—(*drinks.*) Come, Doctor, this is Phyſick you may take. (*Fills.*

Dr. Sir, I'll do you reaſon——Sir. (*Drinks.*

Cle. If one Deity can inſpire another, ſpeak my Oracle, ſhall *I* live, or die?—

Dr. I have told you, Sir, *I* cannot help you——There's not a Lady at Court wou'd truſt me after, Betray the Counſels of my Patients!—— Sir, 'Tis from their Opinion of our ſecrecy we live——

Cle. And 'tis from a no leſs confidence of that virtue in you, Doctor, that I open my ſelf thus, Do ye think a ſecret of this nature —— but, Sir, my ſervice to you——(*Drinks.*) I aſſure you, Doctor, if I had not an Opinion of your honour——

Dr. You would doubt it very much if I did this, (*Drinks.*) 'tis impoſſible, Sir, I dare not venture. [*Sees his Hand in his Pocket.*

Cle. Come, Doctor, you are too Scrupulous—— [*Gives him Money.*

Dr. Alas, Sir, *I* would do any thing to ſerve you— But you cann't blame my fears, when my Honour, Fame, and future Fortune depend on the ſucceſs.

Cle.

Cle. Nay, I muſt needs commend your caution, and blame my ſelf for not conſidering that you would uſe it—But your ſecret will be ſafe—It is my intereſt, and in that Doctor, all Men are ſincere.

Dr. Worthy, Sir, I am intirely yours, but now, Sir, the firſt difficulty will be the greateſt—How to break it.

Cle. Oh! there are a thouſand ways—You muſt think of ſome Diſtemper, and preſcribe me to her as Phyſick: She'll take me as a Potion at leaſt, tho' ſhe won't as a Lover——Come, Doctor, here's to her new diſeaſe——

Dr. You are pleaſant, Sir,

Cle. If you could but make her Sick in half the time that you have made me well——

Dr. I'll pawn my Art for the ſucceſs.

Cle. Why now, my Doctor ſpeaks like the Off-Spring of *Æſculapius*—— This indeed is Phyſick——There's balm in every Word, that new creates my Soul——But, Dear Doctor, let me not delay your Art with praiſing it—go and be immortal.

Dr. I fly, and if I don't effect her way, all my Patients die when I come near 'em——

Cle. Or which is as bad—may they all grow well with the firſt Doſe—— Few People know the true uſe of a Phyſician, were they well apply'd—But how ſtubborn this Raſcal was, before he felt the Gold—well there's no Cordial like this grand *Elixir!* This is the true *Panacæa!* The Food of your Phyſician, which the unknowing Patint parts with for Drugs and Death—But I muſt follow him—— [*Exit.*

Enter Aſtrea *and* Clarinda.

Aſt. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever ſuch a Monſter!

Cla. Not to perceive ſo plain a Cheat——

Aſt. It was pleaſant enough to ſee how faſt ſhe melted, and how much he labour'd to prevent it——

Cla. But the Beaſt, in half an hour to conſent to Marry him.

Aſt. Old Women are always tender-hearted, and their Experience makes 'em know how to value Opportunities.

Cla. Well, ſure I ſhall never be ſuch a Creature.

Aſt. You can't tell, *Clarinda*; for the Opinion of our Beauty is the laſt thing that leaves us.

Cla. I believe indeed a Woman ſees her Decays ſooner in the Mens Faces than her own.

Aſt. But no Body minds a true Mirrour.

Cla. Yet ſure it muſt be very unhappy to keep up the Opinion of our Beauty, after every body elſe has laid it down: And the Humour of the Town is very quick in theſe Caſes, for when a Woman is Thirty——

Aſt. She grows a very diſcreet ſort of a Body!—— Well, it muſt needs grate a fine Creature, that is juſt declining, and ſtill perhaps with all her Loevrs glowing in her Thoughts, to ſee the Tide paſs by her, and hear the Mortifying Sound—— *She was!*

Enter

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, my Lady *Dainty* is inquiring for your Ladiſhip.

Aſt. I hope ſhe will do me the Honour to come up.

Cla. My Lady *Dainty?*

Aſt. I believe you don't know her Perſon, but you muſt her Character.

Cla. I warrant this is the that thinks it the trueſt Mark of Quality to be Nice and Sickly; and is as much afraid of looking well, as other Folks are fond of it.

Aſt. Many People are Fops in their Mien and Habit, but her Ladiſhip is ſo in her Underſtanding, and takes as much Pains to puniſh her Inſide, as to adorn her Out.

Enter the Lady Dainty.

Lad. Well, I am the happieſt Woman in finding your Ladiſhip at home!

Aſt. You do me an Honour —— Madam, a Relation of mine.

Lad. I ſhall ſtrive to be of her Acquaintance ——

Cla. Your Ladiſhip makes me proud.

Lad. I have made at leaſt twenty Viſits to day, and not above Ten were at home, which I take to be a great good Fortune, in having my Day's Journey ſo happily ſhortned to your Ladiſhip; for in you I terminate my Evening: And 'tis ſo bleſs'd a thing to arrive where one loves, after the tedious Endearments of ſo many one hates in a Day's viſiting. Huh! Huh! ——

Aſt. Your Ladiſhip is certainly the moſt obliging thing!

Lad. Meeting with a Reaſonable Creature at laſt, is like unlacing after being ſqueez'd up in a ſtrait Pair of Boddice. Huh! Huh!

Cla. You muſt needs be very much fatigu'd.

Lad. O quite ſpent! Not but my Coach is very eaſie, yet repeating ſo many *How d'ye's* in a Day is enough to kill a Horſe.

Aſt. Pray where was your Ladiſhip laſt?

Lad. Why, Madam, at my Lady *Thrivewell's* in the City, who knows no other Happineſs, and thinks there is no other Welcome but Eating and Drinking! At the Sight of her Table I was ready to ſwoon, coming out of the Air! Huh!

Aſt. How was it ſpread, Madam?

Lad. At the upper End ſat her Ladiſhip, and at each Elbow a Daughter with Arms like Plough-Men, and Cheeks like Milk-Maids —— They were enough to beat one down with their Breath ——

Aſt. Ha, ha! a goodly Appearance!

Lad. The Table, (or rather Larder) was fill'd with *Weſtphalia* Hams, Pullets, and Turkey-Pies; with a great *Cheſhire* Cheeſe, that rival'd every one in bulk but her Ladiſhip; and a large Tankard of Ale, enough to deſtroy a Dozen Porters. Huh! Huh! ——

Cla. } Ha! ha! ha!
Aſt. }

Lad. She forc'd me to ſit down, and put enough upon my Plate to ſerve me my whole Life ——

Aſt. She deſign'd you a Complement ——

Lad. To ſee the Titles of Quality join'd with ſuch Mob Diſpoſitions! Well, there's nothing diſtinguiſhes the Commons ſo much as their Eating; and I never knew a true Plebeian but was a hungry —— Huh! huh!

Aſt. Your Ladiſhip knows the Elegance of Life.

Lad. I aim at it a little —— But there is one Mark by which you may know ſuch Creatures, tho' you don't ſee 'em; for it is the moſt Eſſential Property of the Vulgar to ſpeak loud; their common Diſcourſe is ſome Degrees above the Noiſe of a Drum. For which Reaſon, when any raiſes their Voice above a Whiſper, I ſtrait conclude, That they are either no Quality, or at moſt but half Blood; and 'tis likely the Fault might be of the Side of the Mother.

Aſt. Ha, ha! Your Ladiſhip is certainly the moſt entertaining Creature!

Lad. But now Ladies, exactly oppoſite to this, is the Life of the Refin'd and Well-bred part of the Creation. The Vulgar, like other Beaſts, are up and Feeding before it is Day; but about a Delicate Creature every thing is ſlow and ſolemn.

Cla. The Noiſes of the Streets, Madam, muſt be great Enemies to that Quiet.

Lad. So great, that I have often wonder'd why the Government don't provide againſt ſo manifeſt a Barbariſm. They ſhould defend our Ears againſt offenſive Sounds, and baniſh all that had the little Breeding to riſe before Eleven a Clock.

Aſt. I ſhou'd vote for that Law; for I'm a mighty Friend to my Pillow—— But pray, Madam, go on with your Deſcription.

Lad. Here then, Ladies, I muſt needs lament that we are in ſome reſpects not unlike the Crowd; And that it is ſtill a Cuſtom among us to go upon our own Legs. I have often admir'd the *Chineſe* Nobility; who, to prevent the Infamy of ſo Vulgar an Exerciſe, contract the Feet of their Infant-Quality, and keep 'em ſo little, that when they are of Age they may not uſe 'em; and never cut their Nails that they might not be ſuſpected to work with a Needle —— Is it not a Scandal to the Nobles of *England*, to let a *Barbarian* tranſcend 'em in ſo high a point of Elegance?

Cla. That, indeed, is one ſtep to take away the Trouble of moving at all; and make 'em live the Life of a Plant.

Lad. Which wou'd be truly bleſs'd! For methinks People of Quality ſhou'd be known more by their Paſſions than their Figure; and that is always a certain Way: For our Joy never riſes above a Smile, nor our Sorrow above the Decency and Colour of our Clothes.

Cla. So that when a dear Friend dies ——

Lad. To ſhed Tears is the Grief of a Peaſant.

Cla. It diſcovers our Love at leaſt.

Lad. As ill as it does our Breeding; For our Love for the Dead is beſt ſhown in our Reſpect to the Living, and there the Faſhion is againſt it; beſides Tears are the worſt Waſh one can poſſibly uſe for the Complexion ——

Huh,

Huh, Huh!--But to make an end of this Subject; There is one thing that more remarkably diſtinguiſhes Perſons of Rank from the Commons, and that is our Natural Contempt of Buſineſs. Now the Vulgar, like a Hackney-Horſe, never ſtir abroad without ſomething to do; and they viſit, like a Merchant upon *Change*, for their Profit more than their Pleaſure. But it is a Reproach to the Honour of a Well-bred *Woman*, to have any thing in her Head but the Faſhions, or to know any Fatigue but in Idleneſs.

Cla. Does your Ladiſhip never go to the Play?

Lad. Often, Madam, but not to mind the Actors, for it is common to love Sights —— My great Diverſion is to turn my Eyes upon the Middle Gallery;——or when a Citizen crowds her ſelf in among us, 'tis an unſpeakable Pleaſure to contemplate her Airs and her Dreſs——And they never eſcape me; for I am as apprehenſive of ſuch Creatures coming near me, as ſome People are when a Cat is in the Room ——Huh! huh! But the Play is begun, and, if you pleaſe, we'll leave the Diſcourſe, and go to the Things.

Aſt. We are glad of the Occaſion.

Lad. For the Audience is much the more Entertaining Sight, and tho' they call the Stage the Image of the World, yet the Box and the Gallerys are certainly the truer Picture; For you may obſerve, in all Nations, the Mobb, when they pleaſe, are uppermoſt ſo there.

Thoſe Greaſie Rulers ſit above, below
The Fine-Nice-Tender-Powder'd Thing, a Beau. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Solomon Empty *and* Freeman.

Sir *Sol.* WHy *Tom*, as great Capacities are requir'd in a Lover as a Privy Councellour, and nothing looks ſo dull in a young Man as not to aim at Intrigue in all he does —— my Rule was always to ſteal in at a Window and out at a Trap-door.

Fre. When there is no other way ——

Sir *Sol.* Other way! If there was I wou'd not uſe it —— tis the Difficulty and the Danger that make it pleaſing and like deſign —— I'd come if I cou'd thro' the Tyles and fall like *Jove* into her Lap.

Fre. Such thundring Gameſters as you and *Jupiter*, Sir *Solomon* may be pleas'd with Difficulties, but a Puny Lover as I am wou'd loſe his Stomach if there was any thing to be done but directly falling to ——

Sir *Sol.* Well I ſee *Tom*, thou haſt not a Spirit, a Genius for Intrigue —— there is often more Pleaſure in the Deſign than the thing —— now ſhou'd I never reſt till I had made the Husband acceſſary, it ſweetens the Stealth, and makes it more ſecure, or if no Husband a Brother that is Jealous of the Honour of his Family —— why *Tom*, I have imploy'd Fathers and Mothers in this Buſineſs!

Fre. Nay Sir *Solomon*, there is none ſo fit to take care of 'em as they that get 'em.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! ha! My witty Rogue —— ſure ſhe's mightily pleas'd with you!

Fre. She tells me ſo.

Sir *Sol.* Ye happy Dog! —— but prithee *Tom* tell me a little more for I love to find my Plots Succeed, what ſort of Wench is it —— ha!

Fre. A Beauty able to renew the long loſt Fire in your Heart, and turn you to a Rival.

Sir *Sal.* Egad ſirrah, I'd Cuckold ye if I knew her, for this Libel —— hah! Hem! I'am as Strong as you are —— but no more of that, kneel down and thank me for my Advice —— I underſtand the World *Tom!* But go on, is ſhe Black or Fair, Tall or Short? Ha!

Fre. She's neither, but agreeably divided between 'em all —— her Mien is eaſie without Affectation, and in her Face a pretty Haughtineſs appears that melts it ſelf into a Smile, and every Heart that ſees it into Love.

Sir *Sol.* But Dear *Tom*, how was ſhe ſet off, what Rigging had ſhe? Ha!

Fre. I was not ſo Idle as to make a Critick on her Dreſs, but I think ſhe had a Yellow Gown ——

Sir

Sir *Sol.* Yellow Gown! ——
Pray Heaven it's not my Wife all this time. [*aside.*

Fre. Ay Yellow! Why don't you like that Colour?

Sir *Sol.* O very well, very well *Tom* —— Yellow you say? And what else? —— it must be she. [*aside.*

Fre. And Black upper Petty-coat ——

Sir *Sol.* Upper Petty-coat? —— then he has too —— [*aside.*

Fre. What's the matter Sir *Solomon*, you're Concern'd?

Sir *Sol.* No, no, no, not at all *Tom* —— Black upper Petty-coat! [*aside.*
you meet her at six you say, Ha! *Tom!*

Fre. Ay, Sir *Solomon*, there's the Challenge she sent me next my Heart.
[*gives him a Letter.*

Sir *Sol. Aside*] S'death! this is confirmation! The Gypsy's own Hand!

Reads Trembling.]

The Garden Door —— open —— and ——
exactly at six —— —— your —— ——
—— —— —— Expecting Cælia.

Calia! Ay that's her Contrivance —— *Cockatrice!* [*aside.*

Fre. Aside.] There must be something in this Disorder, *Cleremont* told me he was Married —— I have gone too far ——

Sir *Sol. Aside.*] This is her Devotion! Well I'll know more, and if she has —— Ha! Ha! Ha! *Tom*, this is very kind, you must not disappoint her for the World.

Fre. No, Sir *Solomon*, I'm a Man of Honour ——
but the unluckyest Dog that ever was. [*aside.*

Enter Cleremont.

Cle. My Friend and Councellour,
Sir *Solomon Empty!* Ha! Ha! Ha!

Sir *Sol. Aside.*] Ay I have Counsell'd ——

Cler. I follow'd your Instructions and am Happy —— I melted the Doctor, and He my Mistress; all her Aversions to me are over, her Pukings, her Spleen, her Swoonings, her Cholick! And now I am as well-come and agreeable to her as a Dose of Physick —— all this my Councellour and deep Politician in Love I owe to thy sage Advice —— Thou doest indeed understand the World, and in all Love Intrigues I'll be rul'd by no other —— but what's the mattter, are you both Dumb?

Sir *Sol.* } Me?
Fre. }

Sir *Sol.* No, no, I was only thinking of a Business of *Freeman's* ——

Fre. Which I must mind Gentlemen, and so your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sol.* And I too —— [*going.*

Cler. Hold Sir *Solomon* you must stay and hear my success.

Sir *Sol.* I can't, I have Business.

Cle.

Cle. A Pox, O' Buſineſs —— Ha! Ha! Ha! You can't think what a change of Affairs it wrought.

Sir *Sol.* Puh! ——

Cle. I find the Plain Honeſt Way never does it, and a Man may throw away as much Money upon a Miſtreſs as a Place at Court, and never be the nearer.

Sir *Sol. Aſide*] Upper Petty-coat! ——

Cle. A little bribe well Plac'd —— but Sir *Solomon* methinks you are not pleas'd enough with the ſucceſs of your Counſels.

Sir *Sol.* If I an't, I'm in the wrong, for they have took mightily, mightily!

Cle. O beyond expectation!

Sir *Sol. Aſide*] Ay with a Pox! ——

Cle. She receiv'd me with all the Eaſe and Satisfaction that deſiring Lovers uſe, all her talk was with regard to me and all her Appeals were to me ——

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Your Expecting *Celia*! ——

Cle. Cou'd you a' Dreamt that it wou'd come to this?

Sir *Sol.* No Faith I cou'd not —— not in the leaſt Mr. *Cleremont*, not in the leaſt!

Cle. Why thou deſerveſt a Statue to thy Memory.

Sir *Sol.* I do indeed deſerve one ——

Cle. Thou doeſt —— why ſome have been worſhip'd for half thy Sagacity —— you don't know your ſelf.

Sir *Sol.* Yes, yes, I do, I am wiſer than ever, Mr. *Cleremont*, and know my ſelf intimately! —— [*rubbing his forehead.*

Cle. All the diſtreſs'd Lovers in Town will fly to you for Succour.

Sir *Sol.* Very likely —— The Garden door at Six? [*Aſide.*

—— I won't, I can't, I muſt not, dare not ſtay any longer.

[*Exit.*

Cle. What a Devil's the Matter now? But thou art an Extraordinary old Fellow —— [*Exit.*

Enter Careleſs *in Diſguiſe.*

Car. So! My Diſguiſe fits well he'll never know me —— now let me conſider —— what ſtrange Story muſt I tell him to get him out of the way —— but I ſhan't want invention; I'll tickle his Ears as I us'd to do the Commiſarys when we made up a falſe Muſter. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Solomon Empty.

Sir *Sol.* Jezebel! Harlot! This is her Averſion to Men! Her Praying! Her Piety! —— but this is my Advice too. I muſt be giving Counſel! —— hum —— [*Enter* Careleſs.

But what Fellow's that? I don't like him —— he may be a Cuckold-maker too for ought I know.

Car.

Car. Aſide.] Here he is, now for my Plot ——

Sir, Is your Name Sir *Solomon Empty*?

Sir. *Sol.* Yes 'tis —— what then? —Thou art a Rogue I believe. [*aſide.*

Car. Do you know one Sir *Humphrey Afterwit*?

Sir *Sol.* Sir *Humphrey Afterwit*! —— No not I —— not I Fellow —— I know none of your Sir *Humpherys* —— (*aſide*) ſome poor Dog or other in Priſon —— there's ſuch new ways of begging ſince the War ——

Car. I don't know how 'tis Sir, but he ſaid he was near related to the Family of the *Emptys*, and dyed at my Houſe Yeſterday.

Sir *Sol.* Why then you muſt bury him Friend —— don't trouble me with your dead Men —— Upper Pettycoat. [*aſide.*

Car. But a little before he dy'd, he bid me go to Sir *Solomon Empty*, and pay him a conſiderable Sum of Money that he ow'd him.

Sir *Sol.* Adds me! —Harkee Friend —— Sir *Humphery Afterwit*! — what an unlucky Brain have I! Ha! ha! ha! My dear Friend —— *Afterwit!* that ever I ſhould be puzzled to remember Thee! —and I proteſt to you he was as perfectly out of my Head, as if he had never been there.

Car. Very likely Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Why we are firſt Couſens —— but he is not dead ſure, he can't be dead!

Car. Indeed Sir he is —— he juſt came to Town, fell ſick and dy'd in two Hours.

Sir *Sol.* Tell me no more! The News goes to my Heart —— poor Have —— Wit!

Car. Sir, he ſaid his Name was *Afterwit.*

Sir *Sol.* Right, right, *Afterwit!* But Grief, 'tis Grief makes me forget what I ſay —— I have loſt the beſt Friend!

Car. I ſuppoſe you know how much it is?

Sir *Sol.* No Friend, I can think of nothing now —— poor *Numps* Dead! —— go in and pay it any of my Servants.

Car. Sir, he charg'd me to pay it none but you, and I was afraid to venture ſo much about me, but if you'll do me the Honour to go to my Houſe.

Sir *Sol.* Well, come lets go then, I ſhall be out of Pain the ſooner — Ho! my dear Friend gone —— poor *Lackwit.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Freeman *and Aſtrea.*

Fre. Your too great Care has ruin'd us! —— had you not conceal'd your Name ——

Aſt. Who cou'd ha' thought that Sir *Solomon* had been your intimate Acquaintance —— I never heard him ſpeak of ſuch a Man —— but I'm undone, paſt Redemption loſt.

Fre. Sure there's a way.

Aſt. O! none, never think on't —— had you not ſhown the Letter ——

Fre. That unfortunate Letter!

Aſt. Curſed Letter! —— if you had delay'd your Diſcovery two Hours, I had prevented it by telling you all —— I had begun with your Man, and

and ſent him to draw Sir *Solomon* out of the way, which now I ſuppoſe he can't compaſs——and if you had ſeen him firſt.

Fre. How unlucky it was!

Aſt. But we muſt do ſomething——let me conſider——He'll certainly be there——hum——O I have it.

Fre. How, how dear Creature!

Aſt. O! Sir you'll tell.

Fre. You are unkind, but I deſerve it——yet pray tell me.

Aſt. I have thought of a Device that muſt bring us off, let me ſee the Letter.

Fre. Here! here!

Aſt. (Reads to her ſelf.)

Fre. (Aſide) I never knew a Woman plung'd at an Excuſe; now was I to be hang'd, I cou'd not think of an Expedient, I ſee ſo many Dangers——but Woman!——

Aſt. 'Tis well——leave me——(*gives him back the Letter.*)

Fre. Muſt I not know your Plot?

Aſt. Ask me nothing, but come at the Hour, and behave your ſelf as you wou'd ha' done, had this not happen'd; leave the reſt to me.

Fre. I go.—— [*Exit* Fre.

Enter Fidelia.

Aſt. I'm glad you're here; run immediately and call my Couſen—— [*Exit.* Fid.

I have a thouſand Fears——I wiſh it were over——let me ſee——ſhe loves him too! it diſtracts me——was ever Woman ſo reduc'd!——but there's no other way. I muſt loſe my Lover or my——Honour! Quiet! every thing! the fame of ſo much Vertue and be expos'd——I can't think on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Careleſs *and* Freeman.

Car. Sir, I ply'd him every Minute with freſh Storys, and told more lyes than are pardon'd at a Jubilee.

Fre. I am glad they did not, but how came they not to ſucceed?

Car. I can't tell what was in his Head, but I had not got half way when he turn'd ſhort, and bid me be at home to morrow, for he had extraordinary Buſineſs.

Fre. Damn his Buſineſs.

Car. And him too Sir for a Dog——a *French* Husband wou'd a been better bred than to look into the Affairs of his Wife——but we have nothing in that Perfection as abroad, and our Cuckolds as well as our Grapes are but half ripen'd.

Fre. (Looks at him)

Car. Nay Sir, the things that are moſt cultivated, our very Fops in *England* are not to be nam'd with theirs——a true bred *Engliſh* Beau has indeed the Powder, the Eſſence, the Tooth-pick, the Snuff-box, and is as Idle,

Idle, but the fault is in the Fleſh, he has not the motion, and looks ſtiff under all this——Now a *French* Fop, like a Poet, is born ſo, and wou'd be known without Cloaths, it is in his Eyes, his Noſe, his Fingers, his Elbows, his Heels; they Dance when they Walk, and ſing when they ſpeak ———

Fre. You're extreamly Diverting.

Car. I wou'd fain drive this ugly Buſineſs out of your Head, for it puts you as much out of humour as a Dun in a Morning.

Fre. And as much at a loſs, as when I have no Money for him.

Car. Never fear Sir, if ſhe has undertook to bring you off.

Fre. Why are you acquainted with her Skill in theſe Matters?

Car. No Sir, but I never knew a Deſign fail where a Woman was the Ingineer ——— the Plots that don't ſucceed are made by Men.

Fre. Ay, but there is more in that it Thou art aware of ——— how if it ſhake my Intereſt with the Fortune?

Car. 'Tis impoſſible, for when once a Woman loves, nothing Cures her but Glutting.

Fre. Yet a modeſt Woman will be ſtartl'd at ſuch Galantries.

Car. In appearance ſhe may, but a wild Man has always their ſecret approbation, and every Woman has the Vanity to think ſhe can keep him to her ſelf.

Fre. Do'ye think ſo?

Car. And hope you'll find ſo ——— I never doubt a thing that depends on a Woman's Opinion of her ſelf, for Nature has ſo order'd it that every one is prepar'd to believe whatever we can ſay of 'em.

Fre. Did you find her Maid of that Humour?

Car. She wou'd not liſten to me becauſe ſhe did not like me (I pity her Judgment) but I never knew a Woman refuſe a Man that ſhe lik'd —— when they don't Fancy, they are very Saucy and very Vertuous.

Fre. Prithee *Careleſs*, leave this Libel and Mind the preſent Buſineſs —— 'tis pretty near the Time, go to the *Mall* and wait for orders —— you'll find me in this Walk.

Car. Yonder's one that will divert you in the mean time, the Charming Mrs. *Friendlove*.

Fre. Her Impertinence was never ſo unſeaſonable.

Car. Faith Sir, according to the preſent Poſture of Affairs, I fancy ſhe might be very ſeaſonable.

Fre. How do ye mean?

Car. Why thus; ——— You are not ſure they will ſucceed in their Plot upon Sir *Solomon*, now it will at leaſt perplex the Matter if you can draw her thither about that time, to conſummate the Wedding that you have put in her Head.

Fre. But if they ſhould ſuceeed it might raiſe new Jealouſies in him.

Car. To prevent that I may be ready to lead her another way.

Fre. I like it, let's meet her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Dainty, Clarinda *and* Cleremont.

Lad. Well, I muſt confeſs Mr. *Cleremont* you are the moſt Diverting Man in the World, and the beſt Company when one has taken the Waters, and I have drank *Epſome* this Morning.

Cla. His Diſcourſe Madam, ſeems more peculiar to a Steel Mineral; for Reproach and Scandal, at which he is very happy, eaſes us of Spleen and Diſſatisfaction with our ſelves, and might be very proper to aſſiſt the operations of *Tunbridge*.

Lad. You are extreamly in the Right, and that muſt be the reaſon that makes *Tunbridge* ſo Fruitful of Lampoons, for that Mineral not being ſtrong enough to make the crudities of Ill-nature paſs, they are forc'd to bring 'em up in Verſe.

Cle. Upon which Account Madam, all the Nice Women in the Town go thither to divert their Spleen, and be abus'd, for Detraction is always ſo entertaining to the Ladies, that rather than want it they will have it at their own Expence.

Lad. Well, you are certainly a Living Lampoon.

Cle. Since then Madam, you acknowledge me ſo Medicinal to you, throw away your Juleps, Cordials, Slops, and take me all at once.

Lad. No Mr. *Cleremont*, that's too Bitter a Potion to be taken ſo ſuddainly.

Cle. Oh! The rather Madam, the rather; for if you ſtand making Faces at what goes againſt you, it does but increaſe your Averſion and delay the Cure ——— Come, you muſt be Advis'd. [*preſſes her.*

Lad. What mean you Sir?

Cle. To baniſh all your Ails and be my ſelf your univerſal Medicine.

Lad. Impudent robuſt Man! ——— I proteſt did not I know his Relations, I ſhou'd think his Parents had not liv'd in Chairs and Coaches, but had us'd their Limbs all their Lives ——— Huh! Huh! But I begin to be perſwaded Health is a great Bleſſing ——— [*aſide.*

Cle. My Limbs Madam, were convey'd to me from before the uſe of Chairs and Coaches, and it might leſſen the Dignity of my Anceſtors not to uſe 'em as they did.

Lad. Was ever ſuch a rude Underſtanding? To value himſelf upon the Barbariſm of his Fore-fathers? Indeed I have heard of Kings that were bred to the Plough and fancy you might Deſcend from ſuch a Race, for you Court as if you were behind one ——— Huh! Huh! Huh! ——— to treat a Woman of Quality like an Exchange Wench, and expreſs your Paſſion with your Arms, unpoliſh'd Man!

Cle. I was willing Madam, to take from the Vulgar the only deſireable thing amongſt 'em, and ſhow you how they live ſo Healthy ——— for they have no other Remedy.

Lad. A very rough Medicine! Huh! Huh!

Cle. To thoſe that never took it, it may ſeem ſo —— [*preſſing her.*

Lad. Abandon'd Raviſher! Leave the room, and ſee my Face no more ——

Cle.

Cle. (*Bows and is going.*) ———

Lad. And harkee Sir, no Bribes, no Mediations to my Woman.

Cle. (*Bows and ſighs.*)

Lad. Thou Profligate! To Hug, To Claſp, To Imbrace, And throw your robuſt Arms about me like a Vulgar and Indelicate! Oh! I faint with Apprehenſions of ſo groſs Addreſs.

Cle. Oh! My offended Fair! } *He takes her in his Arms and carries*

Lad. Inhumane! Raviſher! Oh! } *her off, ſhe ſtrugling and embracing him.*

Clarinda *alone.*

Well this is one of the moſt extraordinary Scenes of Loves I ever ſaw, I cou'd never think a Womans Fantask wou'd ever run ſo high as to oppoſe her Inclination, and believe her Ladyſhip wou'd be glad to compound for a little of the Vulgar. [*Exit.*

Enter Friendlove *and* Maid.

The Scene a Dreſſing Room.

Friend. Confounded Jade, to ſtay all this while —— I ſhall be too late —— I warrant the Parſon has been there this hour, and 'twas never known that they ſtayd for the Bride ——— Pin up this Favorite better —— Well theſe Soldiers are dear Creatures and I love 'em all!

Maid. They'll think your Ladyſhip was taken by Storm, to diſpatch it ſo ſuddainly ———

Friend. They'll rather commend my Conduct, for yielding before I had diſtreſs'd the Garriſon ——— (ſet this Ribban right) —— let fooliſh Maids ſquander their time that don't know the uſe of it, I'll ſnatch the precious Minutes as they paſs, and ne're ſtand ſhilly ſhally.

Maid. Methinks my Lady *Empty* takes it very patiently.

Friend. She dares not do otherwiſe, for fear I ſhou'd make Diſcoveries to Sir *Solomon* —— and truly I think it Juſt Reprizal, as I us'd to promote her pleaſure, to make her acceſſary to mine.

Maid. 'Twas fooliſhly done in my Opinion, to truſt a Gallant ſo near your Ladyſhip.

Friend. She grew very preſuming forſooth, becauſe one or two of her Fellows had the little Senſe to prefer her to me —— but the Captain knows how to diſtinguiſh Women.

Maid. He's a fine proper Gentleman.

Friend. So he is indeed —— nay, we ſhall be a mighty pretty Couple; but he admires my Wit, it ſeems, more than my Beauty —— Who'd ha' thought a Soldier had ſuch Judgment ——— (this clumſy Carrian runs the Pins into me.)

Maid. Madam, it bent under my Finger.

Friend. Bent under your Finger? ——— make haſt —— now ſome People live all their Lives without making any Conqueſts, yet they Dreſs and are

Pretty Women too, but I can't tell how 'tis, they don't pleaſe —— there's Mrs. *Prim*, Mrs. *Giggit* and Mrs. Saint *Looks*.

Maid. They want the Freedom of your Ladyſhips Air.

Friend. Nay every Body does me the Juſtice, to ſay that I have very much of Quality in my Manner —— (this new Tower does not pleaſe me)

Maid. He's violently in Love with you.

Friend. I am no leſs with him.

Maid. Before Marriage

Friend. Oh! 'Tis not the Faſhion after, except among your ordinary People, as my Couſen my Lady *Dainty* ſays —— no People of Quality go beyond juſt being Civil to each other, as *My Lady*, *Your Ladyſhip*, Or ſo ——Well, now am I Dreſs'd and going to Execution, but I have reſign'd my ſelf wholly up to him to do as he pleaſes, or ſince it is a ſort of War, as he Dares —— (*going*) Add's my Life I forgot my Bridal Garters —— O, No they're on, what ſtriving there'll be about 'em and pinching ones Leggs? Well this will be a happy Night, a Young Hero and me; that's Courage and Conduct together —— well I always obſerve that thoſe Women are ſeldom happy that Wed very Young.

But in the World they never can Miſcarry,
Who at the Years of full Diſcretion Marry.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Solomon Empty *with his Sword drawn.*

Dishonour'd, Ruin'd, Cuckol'd, and by my own Contrivance? I'll ne're out-live it —— *(putting the Sword to his Breast)* my Mind misgives me plaguily I shall never have the Heart to do it —— oh, commit Murder! I shall never enjoy my self after —— I can't do it —— well, tho I am abus'd, yet a living Cuckold is better than a Dead one —— I see if I had been a rash Man, one of the King's Subjects might have been lost without any regard to his Person —— but stay, supposing I shou'd ask my self a few Questions; how am I sure I am a Cuckold? —— [*changing his Voice.*] Oh! Sir, I saw it under her Hand —— but Sir *Solomon* in an Age so full of Plots, how do you know but this may be one to create Diversion? —— Pardon me Sir, I see no Colour to take it that way —— but tis the part of a wise Man to know the bottom before he Determines, and how if Sir *Solomon Empty* shou'd fix himself somewhere to over hear their Meetings and receive Conviction before he concludes her False —— There you have reason Sir, and Sir *Solomon Empty* shall do so, but I have no hope, not the least Glympse of Comfort, Oh Woman, Woman, Devil, Devil! [*Exit.*

Enter Astrea *and* Clarinda.

Ast. I confess *Clarinda*, my proceeding does not look very generous, but if you consult your Heart, you'll find when Love has enter'd it, 'tis very little in the Power of Reason.

Cla. You need no more Apologies methinks, I shou'd ha' done so my self.

Ast. You fir'd me with commending him and Love's a catching Disease.

Cla. Well it has gone no farther than this Letter?

Ast. You are Jealous?

Cla. No I wou'd only find the Temper of the Man.

Ast. You need not fear it; there's but one way; Generosity will oblige a Man of Sense, and nothing move a Fool; besides Marriage is a double security, for it not only is apt to make a Man forget his Galantries abroad but renders him less acceptable there. —— Few Women chuse a Married Man for a Gallant.

Cla. Why not, as well as the Men like a Married Woman?

Ast. The Cases are very different —— for a designing Woman, tho' she has Affairs with twenty Men, desires to keep 'em all to her self but a Man

Man that knows ever ſo many Women does not care if he never ſee any of 'em again.

Cla. You talk madly; but from that it appears that the Men are the more reaſonable, for if thoſe Women had their Deſires, in a little time three Parts of the Sex wou'd be forc'd to die Maids.

Aſt. To prevent that Calamity Nature, you ſee, has made the Men very Fickle.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, Sir *Solomon* is gone into the Garden Room, I ſaw him look behind the Tapeſtry, and believe he deſigns to fix himſelf there.

Aſt. Go, watch when he's hid, and tell me. [*Exit* Fid.

Cla. Pray let me have my Leſſon right —— you ſay I muſt take this all upon my ſelf.

Aſt. Very well.

Cla. But harkee! How ſhall I come off with *Freeman?* He'll make me ſtand to my Word?

Aſt. You'll be pleas'd with that Force.

Cla. I muſt confeſs I'm very well inclin'd to him, but I wou'd not go ſo faſt —— well I have but one Scruple.

Aſt. What's that?

Cla. I'm affraid I ſhall be jealous.

Aſt. I'll ſoon cure you, and if I get ſafe over this, will never make another venture.

Cla. A very Pious Determination!

Aſt. You laugh ——

Cla. For no other reaſon but becauſe it is my turn.

Aſt. Not *Clarinda* that I would have you think that I am juſt now frighted into this reſolution, or that I have taken it up on the ſuddain but from a long digeſted Thought of ſuch a Life —— for however pleaſing it may appear there is ſomething ſo Diſturb'd, ſo Hazardous, ſo full of Fears and Diſappointments; That the faint Pleaſures that ariſe don't half atone for the Anxieties that attend 'em, ſo that from the ſole Motive of good Senſe ——

Cla. We muſt be Sober —— now let me indeed Embrace you: *Aſtrea*, I am glad to find a Woman of Wit own it, that reaſon brings her to the Intereſts of Vertue.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, the Gentleman is at the Garden-door.

Aſt. Bid him ſtay, till he has notice to come in —— [*Exit* Fid. now for this one piece of Hypocriſie *Clarinda*, and then adieu to't. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Solomon *ſtealing in.*

Thus far 'tis well —— No Body has ſeen me come in, and here let me fix

fix my ſelf —— (*goes near the Scenes*) now ſhall I ſee with my own Eyes the diſhonour of my Family, the Bane of my Quiet! and —— but it turns my Head, and I'm reſolv'd to be reveng'd —— 'zbud, I'll have him cut to pieces for a Dog and her Skin pull'd over her Ears and hung up in *Guild-Hall*, as a warning Piece to the reſt of the Baggages —— But hark, I hear 'em coming —— my Heart Sinks, and if it be true I ſhall run Mad —— Ay, now : *Enter* Aſtrea *and* Fidelia.
I'll watch every Motion ——

Aſt. Are you ſure you left the Letter?

Fid. Yes Madam.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Very well, this is plain —— S'death I've a Mind to go juſt now and cut her Throat ——

Aſt. But 'tis hardly ſix a Clock.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] you're very punctual you Whore ——

Aſt. I'm upon Thorns to ſee her, for I long to know how far this Buſineſs is gone.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Ha! What Buſineſs? Well I ſhall find out the whole knot ——

Aſt. You ſay he was with her here, laſt Night?

Fid. Yes Madam, and ſeem'd mighty loving.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] I don't know what to make of this —— but I muſt have Patience ——

Aſt. I am extreamly concern'd at her doing ſo, for it might ha' drawn a reflection upon me —— what wou'd Sir *Solomon* ha' thought of my conduct if he had found a Man in the Houſe?

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Ha: ——

Fid. O Madam, ſhe knew Sir *Solomon* was too well acquainted with your ſtrict Vertue and unblemiſht Life, to believe any thing to the Prejudice of your Honour.

Aſt. Indeed I am pretty well aſſur'd of my Husband's Love, and 'tis my care next Heaven to deſerve it; but the World *Fidelia* is ſo full of ſtrange Hypocriſies that ſuch an Accident as this might make him very uneaſie.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] I'm in Heaven: My Wife's Honeſt[illegible] I am no Monſter, —— there muſt be ſome miſtake in this Letter ——

Aſt. If my Couſen takes theſe Libertys I muſt deſire her to forbear her viſits; for it ſhou'd be very modeſt Woman's care to preſerve the reputation as well as the Conſcience of Innocence, and I wou'd not for all the World have my Fidelity to my Dear Sir *Solomon* brought in Queſtion.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Poor Fool: If ſhe had heard of my unmerciful reſolution to kill my ſelf, twou'd ha' broke her heart.

Aſt. I am ready to ſink with Apprehenſions of it ——

Fid. Dear Madam, don't afflict your ſelf ſo much, you lay it ſo near your Heart, 'twill kill you ——

Aſt. Hold me ——

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] What ſhall I do? But I muſt not ſtir yet ——

Fid. Oh: My good Lady take Comfort —— ſmell to this Bottle —— Oh, Unfortunate Accident, Bear forward dear Madam, —— How unhappy would

wou'd it be now if the moſt Vertuous Lady in the World, The Glory of all good Women, And Pattern of Chaſtity, ſhou'd dye here between my Arms: Evil befall Madam, *Clarenda* for this —— to diſturb my Lady that is ſo tender of her Fame and ſo averſe to all ſuch Wicked Practices ——

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Ay: So my Dearee is ——

Fid. Oh, Look up Madam: —— Will your Ladiſhip give me leave to Pinch your Noſe to bring you to Life?

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Now cou'd I kick that civil Jade, ſhe can't bring her to Life without asking her leave.

Aſt. Ho! Ho!

Fid. Be Comforted good Madam.

Aſt. What cou'd we ſay if Sir *Solomon* ſhou'd hear of it? What Excuſe cou'd we make?

Fid. I can't imagin Madam, for as for my ſelf I cou'd not tell a Lie; No not in very jeſt.

Aſt. And as for me *Fidelia*, I cou'd not forge or report an Untruth, tho' my Life lay on it, and if we can't tell how to hide it, we had better tell him the naked Truth than be catch'd in a Story.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Poor Fool! ——

Fid. Be ſatisfy'd Madam, Sir *Solomon* may never know it, or if he ſhou'd, Heaven I hope will favour the Innocent and direct his Heart to ſuſpect them only that are Guilty.

Aſt. That may be pray'd for, but not hop'd, for Sir *Solomon* is a Man of that nice Diſcerning and pierces preſently into the moſt difficult Matters, and what interpretation can he make from this; a Man in the Houſe and at ſo unſeaſonable a time? It diſtracts me.

Fid. O dear Madam; this is the Gentleman. [*Enter* Freeman.

Aſt. Shrieks.)

Fre. Have I ſurpriz'd you before the time, my Life! My Heaven!

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Villain! Dog! Oh that I durſt now run him through the Back ——

Fid. Trembling) Speak him fair Madam, for we are but weak Women and and don't know what he may do to us —— he looks like a Cut-throat.

Fre. An Age has paſt between me and your Lips.

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Ay, Rogue —— but how will it end? ——

Aſt. I am ready to die ——

Fre. How cou'd you be ſo ſurpriz'd my Dear, when you were to expect me at this hour?

Fid. Pray Sir keep off, my Lady never ſaw you or heard of you in her Life.

Fre. Good Mrs. *Abigail* don't you be ſo quick, your Lady won't tell me ſo.

Aſt. Good Sir, go out of my houſe, you are miſtaken and I don't know you, hoe! ——

Fre. How not know me Madam, when I was here with you but laſt Night?

Sir *Sol. Aſide.*] Ha!

Fid. In a low Voice) Oh the Impudence of Men!

Aſt. Pray Sir, conſider my Diſorder and your attempt, and tho' you have done

done very ill, yet I ſhall own my ſelf obliged to you, if you purſue your Miſtake no farther and leave us.

Fre. Nay then I muſt. —— (*Puts his Hand in his Pocket.*)

Fid. O good Madam take care of your ſelf, he's going to pull out a Piſtol——— (*kneeling*) good Sir don't kill us take all we have and ſpare our Lives.

Sir *Sol.* (*Aſide.*) Ay Lord, what ſhall I do? I ſtand juſt againſt him.

Fre. Yes, yes, Mrs. *Airſmock*, I'le ſpare your Lives —— but not your Shame, Madam —— there's my Invitation, farewel Jilt——— (*throws the Letter.*) [*Exit.*

Aſt. What's this I ſee, my Note to my Couſen? how, *Fidelia*, have you betray'd me?

Fid. (*Trembling.*) I know nothing of it, indeed Madam; I left it at her Houſe, as I hope to be Married.

Sir *Sol.* (*Appearing.*) Ay, Mrs. *Matchiavel*, is this your Contrivance? but thus I'le reward you for it. (*Draws.*

Aſt. O! Sir *Solomon*, don't kill her, let us firſt know the bottom —— but how came you here?

Sir *Sol.* I ſaw ſomething towards, and ſtep'd behind the Hangings, and now *Aſtrea* I am ſatisfi'd of your Honour, and nothing ſhall make me queſtion it —— but this Quean I'll have hang'd; corrupt the Wife of my Boſom, and make her falſe to my Bed!

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha, ha, What's the Matter good People?

Fid. O pray Madam, ſatisfie Sir. *Solomon* who will kill me elſe, did not you receive a Note of my Ladies that I left at your Houſe?

Cla. Ha, ha, is that all?

Sir *Sol.* That all? ay Madam, and if you are concern'd in it, pray let me know the meaning of it.

Cla. Indeed Sir *Solomon*, I am ſorry I was not a witneſs of the Mirth.

Aſt. Mirth, Couſen? you wou'd ha' been diſappointed—— but pray bring us out of this Confuſion, here has been a Man here that wou'd ha'been very free with me.

Cla. Ha, ha, why that's it.

Sir *Sol.* That's it, Madam!

Aſt. And to juſtifie his coming threw me the Note I had ſent to you—— I thought I ſhou'd ha'dy'd, and your Mirth as you call it, might ha' coſt me my Life; my Maid murder'd, and Sir *Solomon* remain'd aſſur'd of my Diſhonour.

Cla. I'm ſorry it had ſo different Effects —— I find I am to ask pardon for what I thought you wou'd thank me —— but to ſet all right again, this Gentleman is one that I ſhall Marry to Morrow, and I thought the occaſion of a Wedding, and the ſeaſon of a *Chriſtmaſs*, might juſtifie an innocent Frolick; and obſerving the Note you ſent me this Morning with-

out a Superſcription to be ſo worded, that it might come from me as well as you, and that there was not ſo much difference between our Perſons and Dreſs, but might deceive him a Minute or two, and not fail, I thought of making a very ridiculous miſtake.

Sir *Sol.* Ha, ha, ha! a very good Plot I' faith, and I'm ſorry it did not take; only my Dearee is ſuch a fearful Fool, or it wou'd ha' made good ſport—— you muſt know Couſen, I accidentally coming in, had ſlipt behind the Tapeſtry and heard all.

Cla. Then you had all the pleaſure of it to your Self—— I deſign'd to be there too, but was interrupted by an impertinent Viſiter, my Lady *Chatt* —— but how came your Sword drawn Sir *Solomon*, you han't kill'd my Lover?

Sir *Sol.* No, no, no, he went away before —— butyou muſt know, as the thing appear'd then, I was ſo fooliſh as to believe that it was a contrivance of *Fidelia*'s, and in the preſent Paſſion Couſen, did'nt know what I did——

Fid. (*In a low Voice.*) I'm glad the Truth's come to Light——

Sir *Sol.* But all's well now Couſen, all's well, and I applaud you for your Plot, I always took you for a ſly Baggage —— but come come, we'll ſend for the Fidles, and you for your Lover, for for ought I know, you have loſt him —— he was plaguily ſnubb'd poor Fellow; come along, we'll have the Buſineſs done now —— you ſhan't loſe a Night *Coz*, beſides to keep you in Countenance, my Lady *Dainty* is doing the ſame thing, and we'll be merry together——

Aſt. (*Aſide to Cla.*) Rarely come off, the ſucceſs of this wou'd almoſt tempt me to break my Vow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lady Dainty *and* Cleremont. (*Hand in Hand*) *Follow'd by the Dr. and Attendants with Muſick, Dancers*, &c.

Lad. Well, there is nothing ſhows ſo viſibly the remaining Footſteps of our primitive Barbariſm as the noiſe at Weddings; huh! huh!——

Cler. It ſerves to recommend the Pleaſures that ſucceed, and make us taſte the Joys of ſilence with a higher reliſh —— [*They ſit.*

Dr. You'll grieve to ſee your Art out-done; I bring an approv'd Remedy.

(*A Bridal Song, and after it a Mimick Dance.*)

Enter Sir Solomon, Aſtrea, Freeman, Clarinda Sylvia *and* Servants.

Sir *Sol.* My Lady *Dainty*, I wiſh you Joy, and you too, dear *Cleremont*, an Hour hence you may wiſh it theſe—— we heard of your Ladyſhip's deſign for a Wedding-Jigg to Night, and my Couſen and this honeſt Captain were reſolv'd to complement your Ladyſhip, and join in the ſame Dance —— I warrant they ſhake their Heels rarely.——

Lad.

Lad. (*Aside to Cler.*) Methinks the Stile of Sir *Solomon* is very extraordinary.——

Ast. } We wish your Ladyship Joy.
Clar. }

Lad. (*Aside.*) I wonder People of any Rank should use such vulgar Salutations. ——

Cle. You see Sir *Solomon* the success of your Counsels.

Sir *Sol.* Why every thing I do is lucky —— I am the most overjoy'd Man o' this side the Globe —— but you can't imagine what a sly Rogue the Captain has been in this Matter shall I tell him *Tom*?

Fre. No, Prithee let it alone till after Supper.

Sir *Sol.* Ay you Dog, your Thoughts run upon nothing but after Supper. —— But *Cleremont*, you'll Dye with Laughing, such Plots, and Counterplots. —— Harkee! *Tom*, not a word to the Women of our first Contrivance.

Fre. No, no.

Sir *Sol.* For if my Dearee shou'd but hear of so irreligious a purpose, it wou'd break her Heart. It seems she is one or other, the most reserv'd, most pious, of such nice Honour, and the fearfull'st Fool, —— well, I am the happiest Man in the World.——

Fre. In a Wife.

Sir *Sol.* And next to my own Happiness, I must Congratulate my Friends. —— Dear *Cleremont*, I'm overjoy'd at thy good Fortune —— why thy Wife looks better already —— is it not possible to make her speak like one of us?

Cle. All things by Degrees, Sir *Solomon*, I must not over-dose her.

Sir *Sol.* Nothing pleases me so much as to think that all this happen'd thro' my Contrivance —— *Tom*, *Cleremont*.

Fre. Thou art a great Man that's certain.

Cle. For Intriguing ——

Lad. Truly Madam I wonder how this Ill-bred Custom prevails among People of Figure? This Singing, this Dancing and this Tumult, is so like the Mob Solemnities of a *May*-Day, Huh! Huh! Huh!

Clar. And the Bride is us'd just like their Pole, for all the Town to Dance round.

Lad. Directly so; well, certainly if it were not for the Pleasure of ruling after, no Woman of Quality wou'd suffer her self to be treated so like a Commoner.

Ast. The grosser part of the Ceremony is to come Madam, and that is throwing the Stocking.

Clar. That indeed is a thing that insults us so near, that I wonder the Men have not thought it their Interest to lay it down.

Lad. I suppose it is to take away the rem ins of Modesty in a Married Woman all at once, for they think that Quality is properly the Vertue of a Maid —

Enter Footman that Whiſpers Sir Solomon.

Sir *Sol. Tom*, take hold of your Miſtreſs, the Parſon's in the next Room —— let's diſpatch that and then for the Supper and then —— for the Poſſet you Rogue!

Enter Careleſs *and* Friendlove.

Aſt. } Ha! Ha! Ha!
Cla. } This is his contrivance.

Friend. Couſen Sir *Solomon*, I'm your humble Servant, and Miſs my Couſen, *Clarinda* this is very kindly done.

Cle. Aſide to Sir Sol.] what does this old ſtrumpet Mean?

Sir *Sol.* Faith I can't tell I ſuppoſe ſome joke of *Freeman's*.

Friend. My Couſen, my Lady *Dainty*! This was extemely obliging, to ſummon all your Friends to the Celebration of our Nuptials —— I don't know how I ſhall be able to return this Favour, but the Captain, Madam, muſt anſwer for me ——

Lad. What Captain, and what Nuptials do you ſpeak of, Mrs. *Friendlove?*

Friend. Your Ladyſhip has a mind to give me ſome confuſions, but your Ladyſhip need not be told that in half an Hour at moſt, my Name it is to be *Freeman.*

Cle. } *Freeman*!
Sir *Sol.* } —Here's another Plot, another Plot!

Aſt. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Cla. How Madam, are your pretentions to my Husband?

Friend. Your Husband? —— why —— am I deceiv'd then? Miſs, Captain, pray ſpeak, am I Cheated? Dear Captain Couſen are you a Rogue? Ha! Are you falſe to me?

Fre. Why what can be ſaid? you ſtay'd ſo long that I was quite out of Patience, and ſeeing the Parſon, the Muſick and all things ready, and this Lady in Humour and rather than diſappoint my Lady *Dainty*, I ingag'd my ſelf here —— that's all.

Friend. That's all?

Cle. }
Sir *Sol.* } Ha! Ha! Ha!

Friend. You falſe ungrateful Fellow, to ſerve a Woman of my Relations ſo. (*Aſide*) But this damn'd Jade to make me wait ſo long: She was an hour looking for my falſe Teeth, if I had layn in 'em as I us'd to do at my Lady *Topers*, all had been well --- I'll turn her away immediately --- but firſt I wiſh you all jealous, when you have no reaſon, and ſecure when you have, and may every Body think your Wives Handſome, but your ſelves; and may your Children be as dull as if they were lawfully begot. [*Exit.*

Cle.

Cle. A heavy Curſe.

Sir *Sol.* Farewel Hermaphrodite, —— well this is a night of Intrigues, nothing but Stratagems; *Tom*, I begin to be in Love with my ſelf, when I think I was the firſt Ingineer.

Fre. Nay 'twas all your own Contrivance.

Sir *Sol.* All things break out ſo, luckily: But ſtay there's *Careleſs* left how ſhall we provide for him, he's a very honeſt Fellow.

Car. Don't Name that Sir *Solomon*, if you intend to prefer me —— but now I have no hopes of being a General, I think I muſt go into the Country, and be my Elder Brother's Butler.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, thou hadſt always a kindneſs for the Cellar, but if you wou'd make your Fortune under him, get to be his Steward, *Jack*, rather than his Butler, for then you may come to be richer than your Maſter in a little time if you have any Diſcretion.

Car. Which I never had —— but there's another way I like better, if you wou'd promiſe me your Intereſt.

Sir *Sol.* If it be not to ſerve the Court-Party, I promiſe you.

Car. Not in the leaſt 'tis only to perſwade that Lady (who I have found is your Relation) to think better of me than I do of my ſelf, and take me for Life.

Sir *Sol.* That's a long Leaſe, but ſhe has 200*l.* a Year to keep it in repair —— (*Turning to* Sylvia) well Couſen, what think you of this Handſome Scoundrel? H'as been a Volunteer a great while, let him now fight under a Commiſſion.

Car. You ſee Madam, how Ominous it was to begin with a Quarrel, I knew 'twou'd be a Match, by our Scolding before hand.

Syl. If we don't after, 'twill be well enough.

Car. We muſt not be ſingular —— now and then 'twill be neceſſary to be like the reſt of the World.

Aſt. Well *Clarinda*, I wiſh you perfect Joy and muſt own to you, that your life is the Happieſt —— there all is Quiet, all is Peace, there is nothing to ſteal the Colour from your Cheeks, or betray you to Surprizes, and now I am convinc'd of the Folly, the Confuſion and the Adverſity of Mine.

The Guilty ſtill with anxious Cares are preſt,
The truly Good alone are truly Bleſt.

[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by the Sickly LADY.

LET none hereafter Plays Ungodly call,
For this was writ to mortifie you all.
No Parſon's here expos'd, no Brothel ſtorm'd,
But a kind handſome keeping Wife Reform'd.
A ſign the Youth the World n'er underſtood,
Or elſe he would not dare to be ſo good.
He muſt the Fame he aims at quite diſown,
Who draws good Characters to ſpoil his own.
This to excuſe I thought a Friend he'd need,
And came --- ſick as I am, his Cauſe to plead:
'Tis the firſt Viſit I proteſt I've made.
You're ſometimes kind to what I do before you;
Pity the Youth, for my ſake I implore you,
Hiſſing to Death my tender Organ Wounds!
And a ſick Ear abhors ungrateful Sounds:
Yet can Applauſe though ne'er ſo loud give Eaſe,
For they who flatter Women always pleaſe.
Then vain Aſſiſtance will I now explore
In Phyſick and Aſtrology no more.
You, dear Phyſicians, muſt my Health inſure,
And t'other Viſit will confirm my Cure;
Elſe what's already done ------ is all in vain,
And I relapſe ——— till you come here again.
By you I ſhall be always to be ſeen,
For whate'er ails the ſickly Fair *within,*
The Doctor at all Seaſons is let in.

†

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